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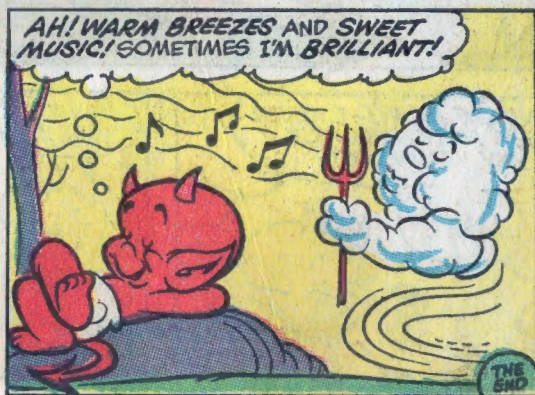
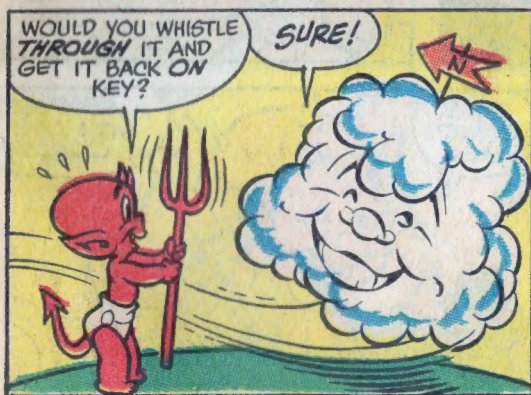
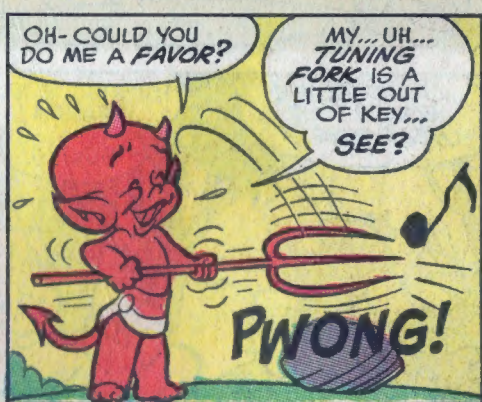
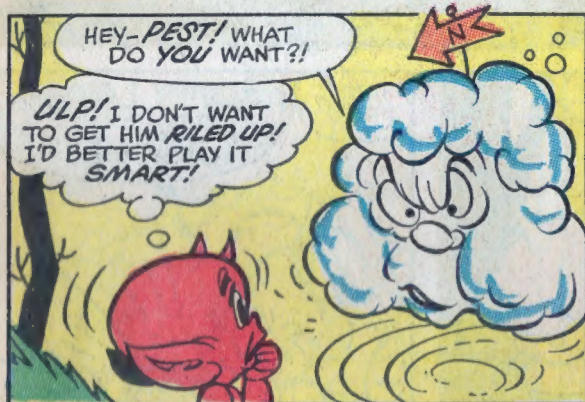
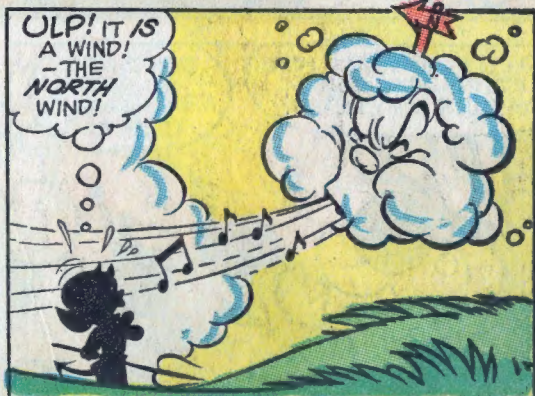
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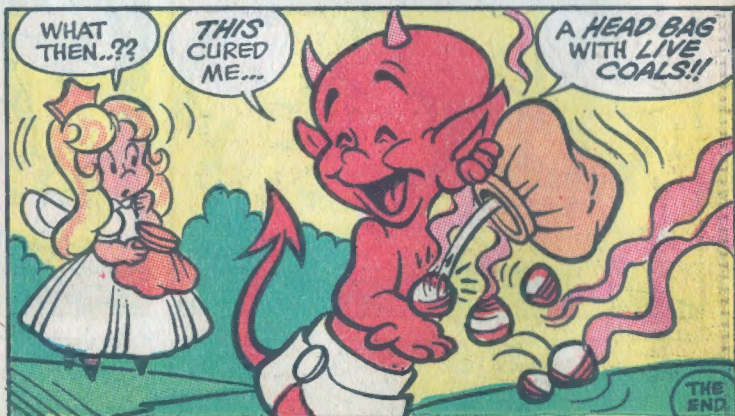
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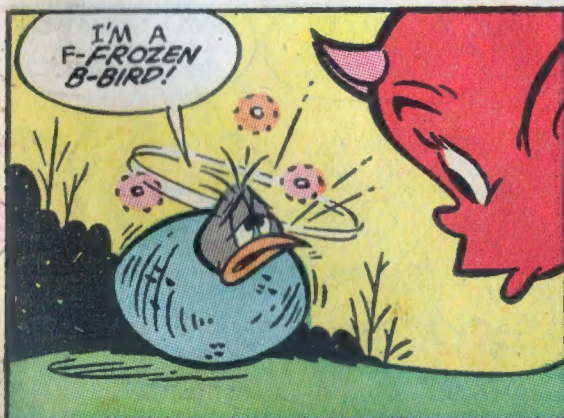
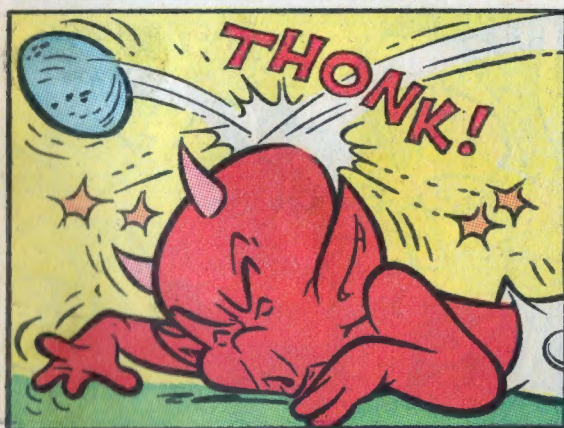
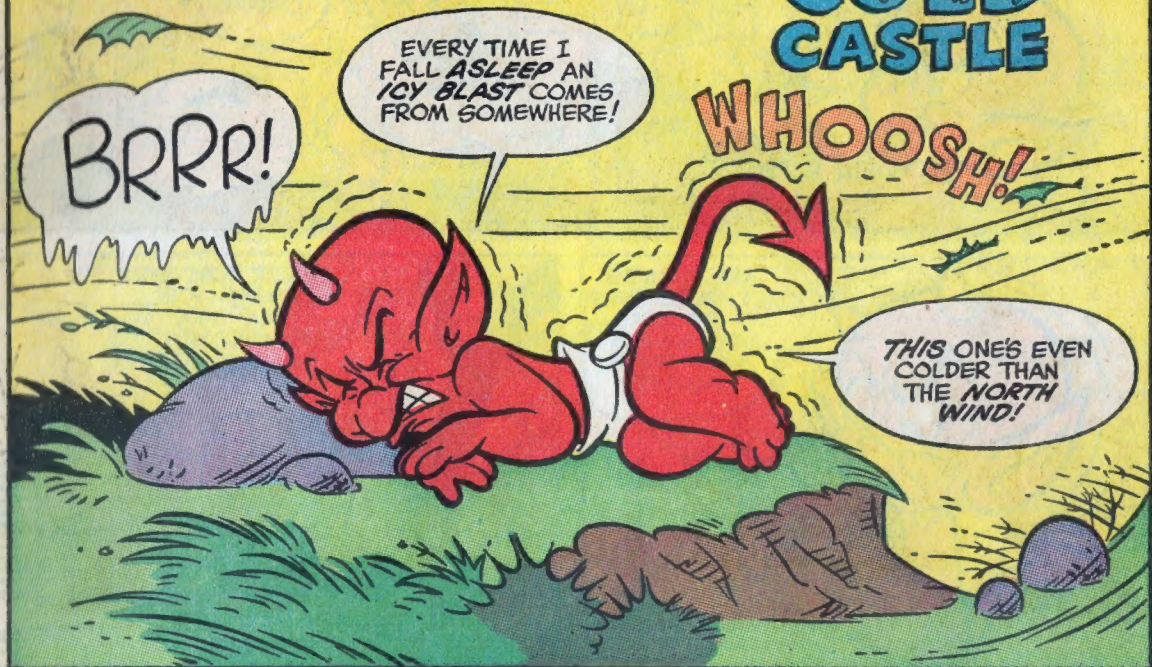
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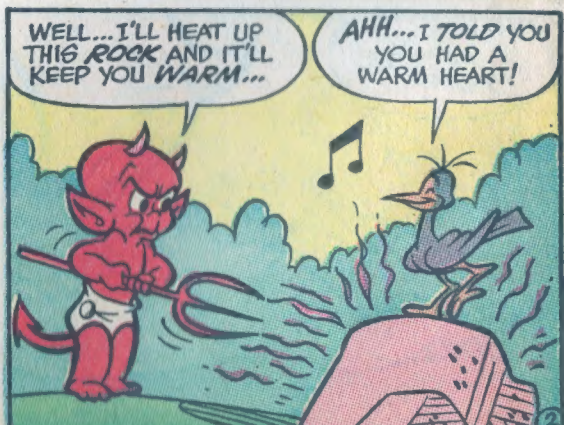
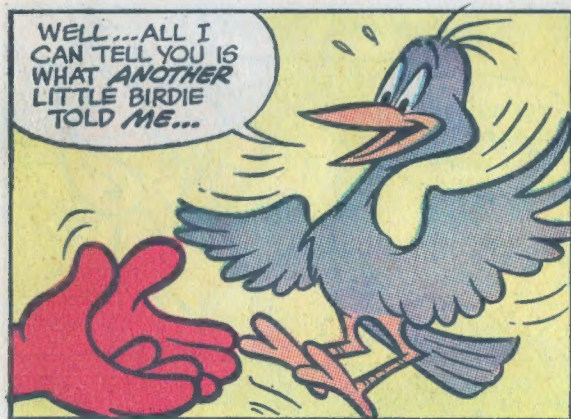


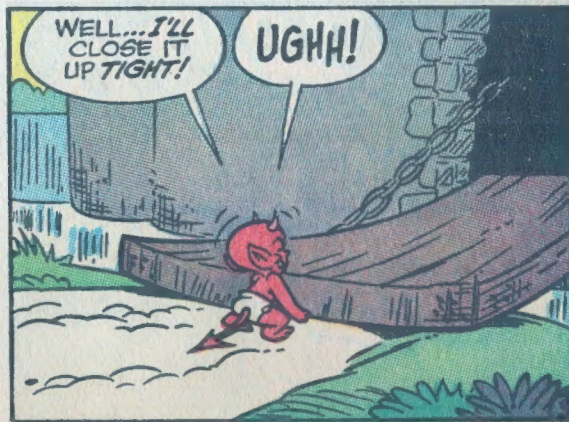
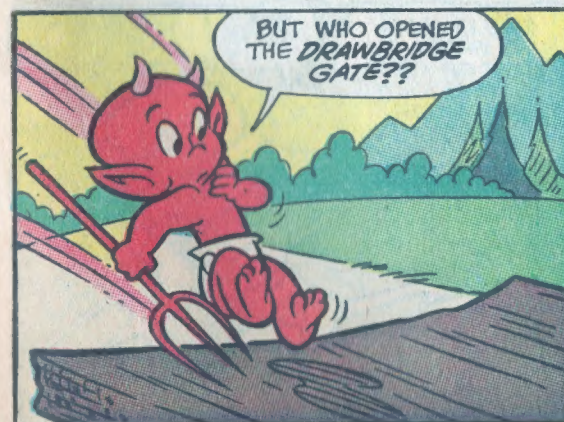
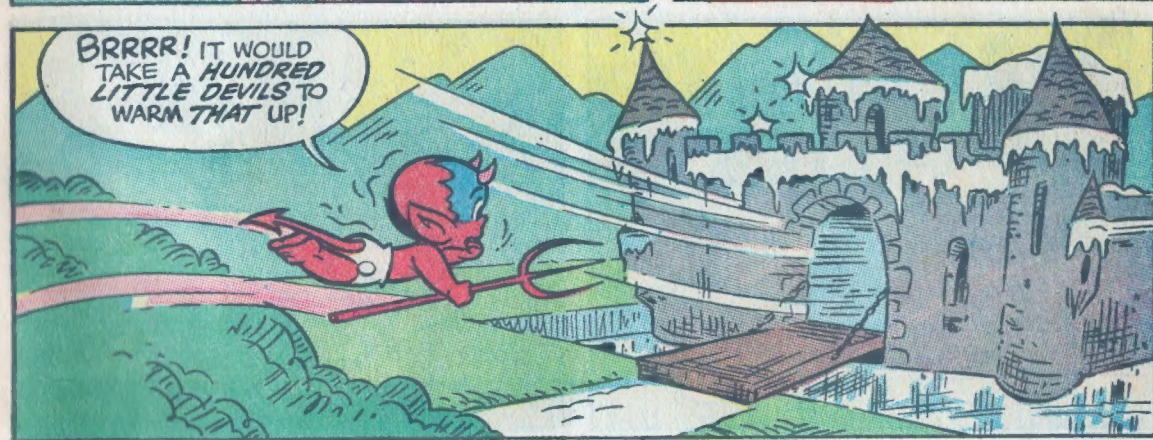
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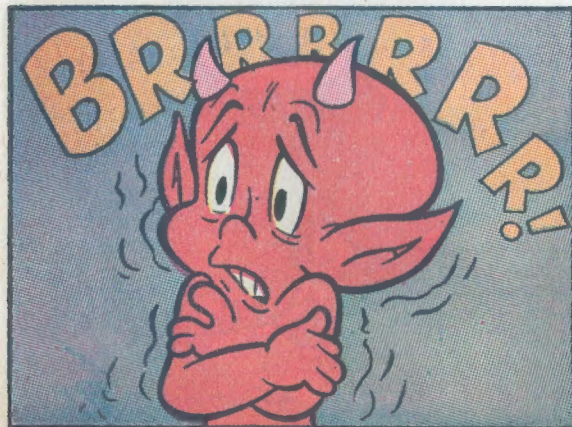
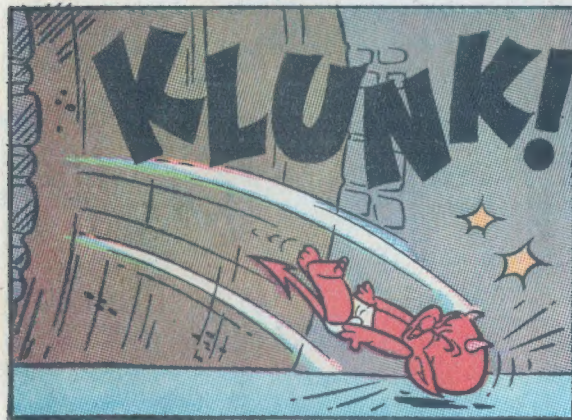
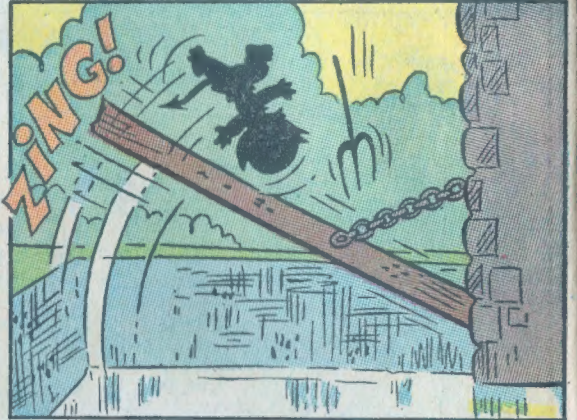
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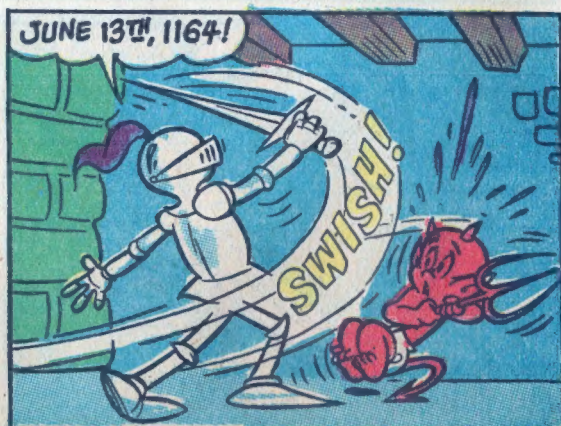
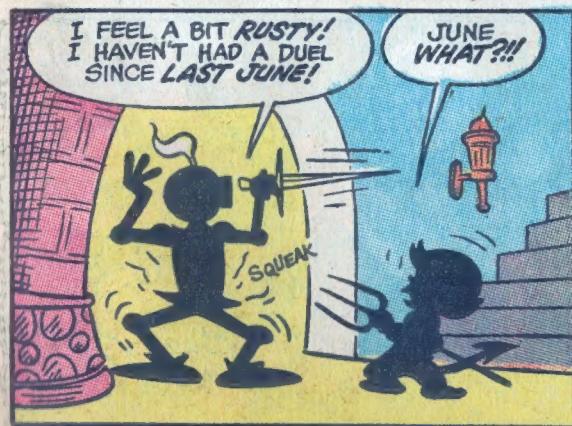
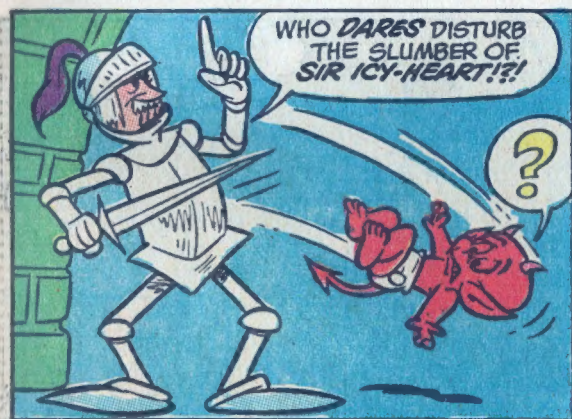
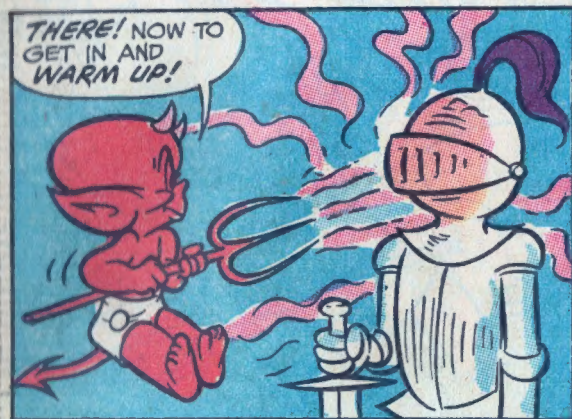
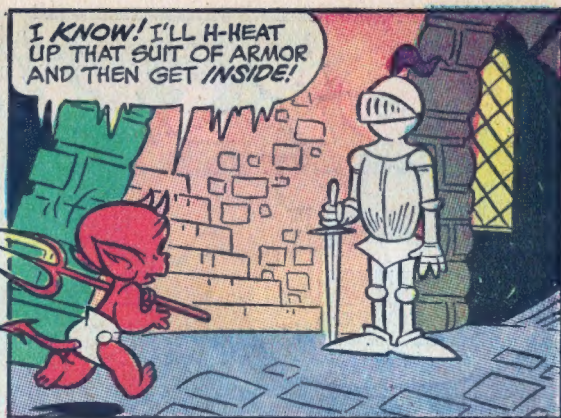
IN THE COLD COLD CASTLE





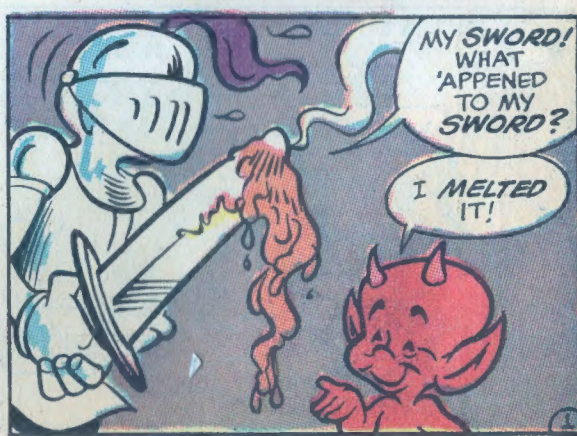
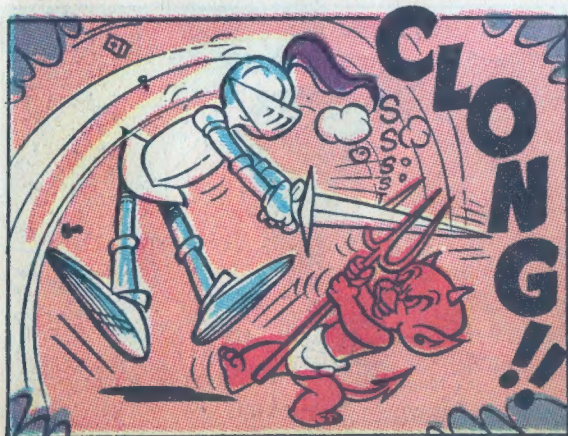
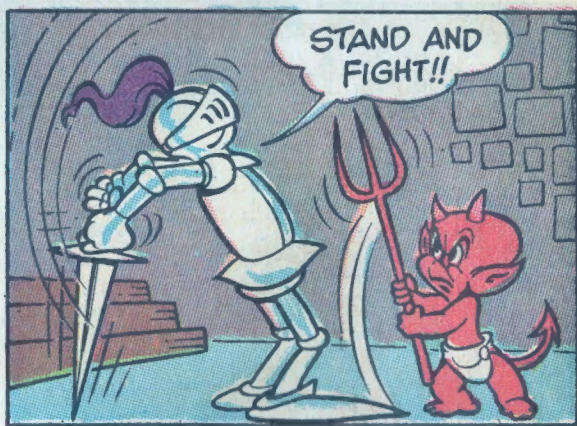
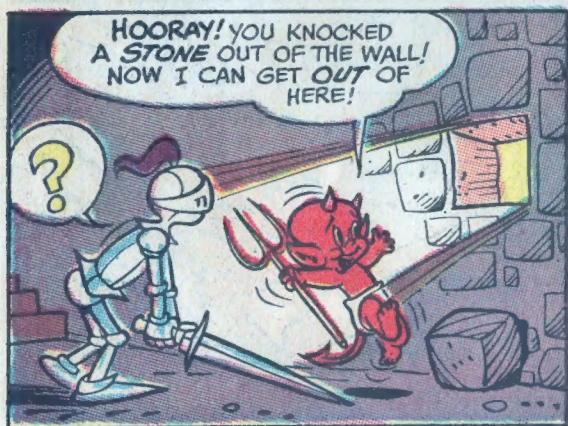
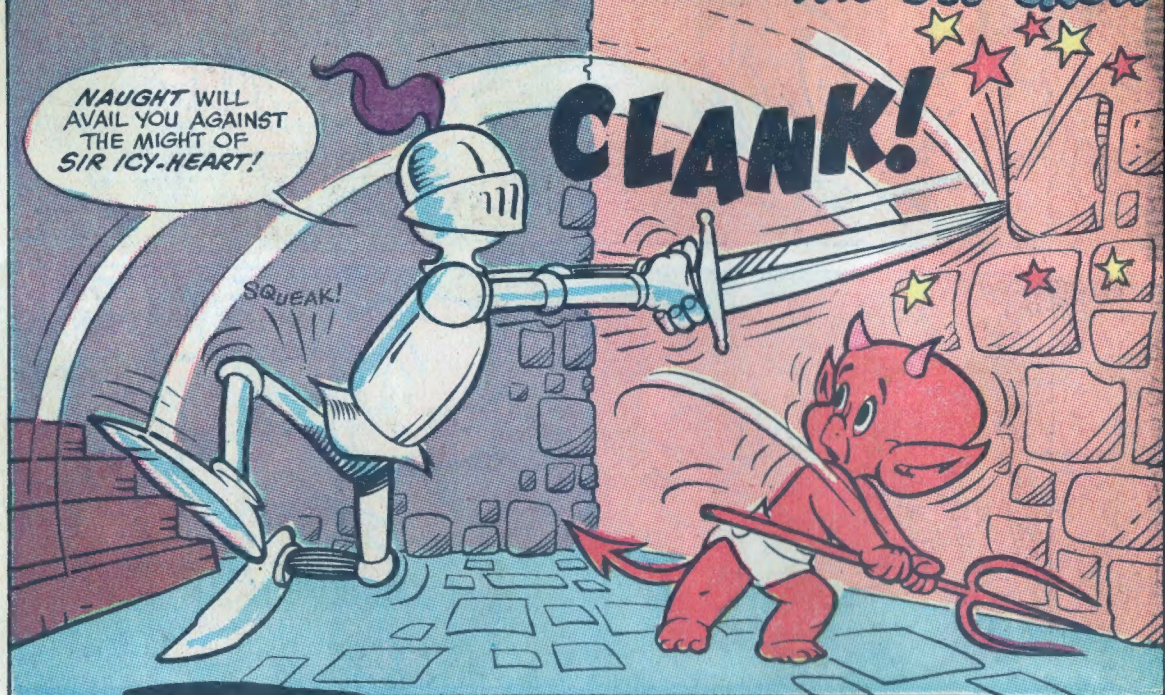


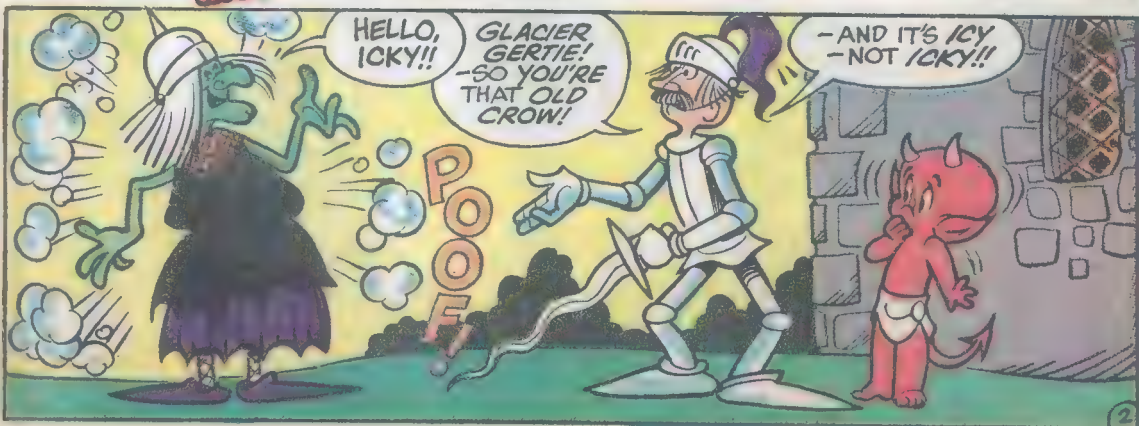
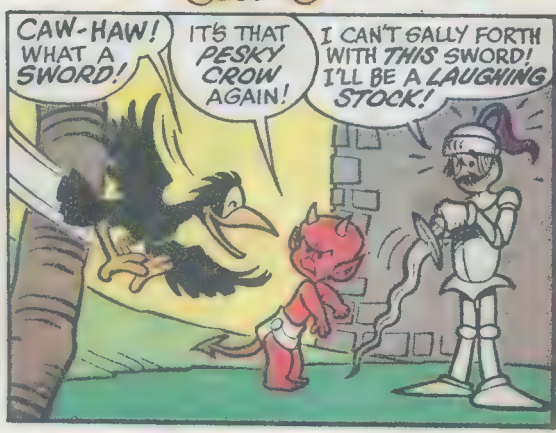
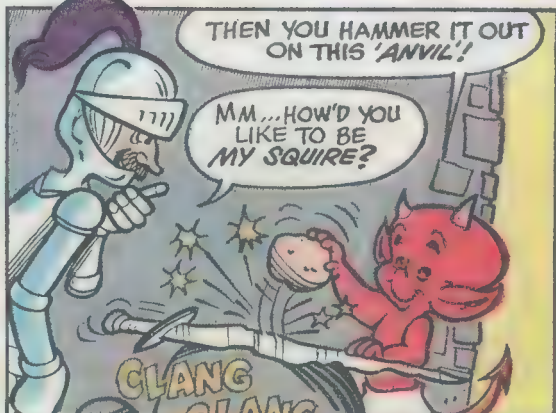
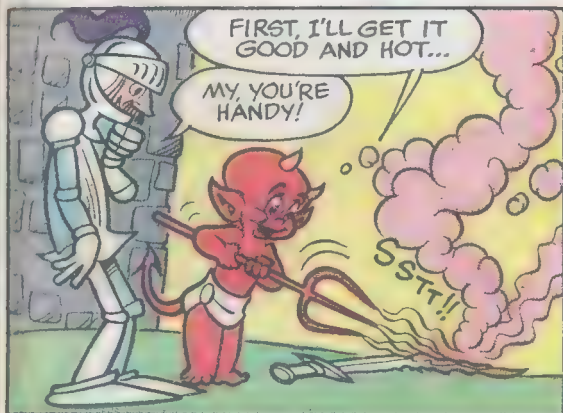
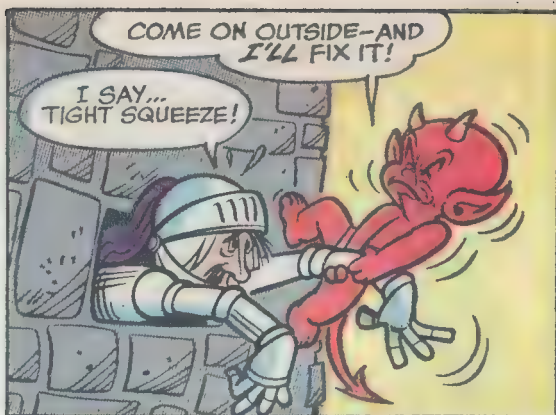
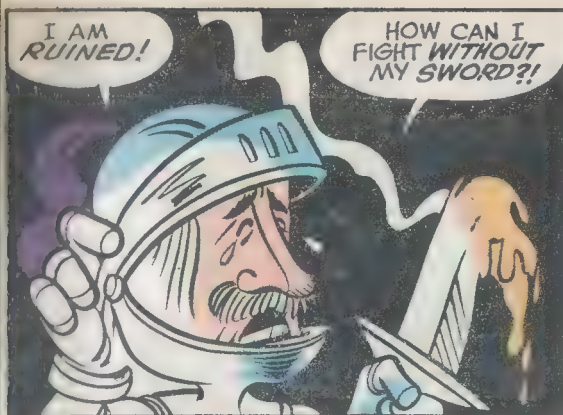


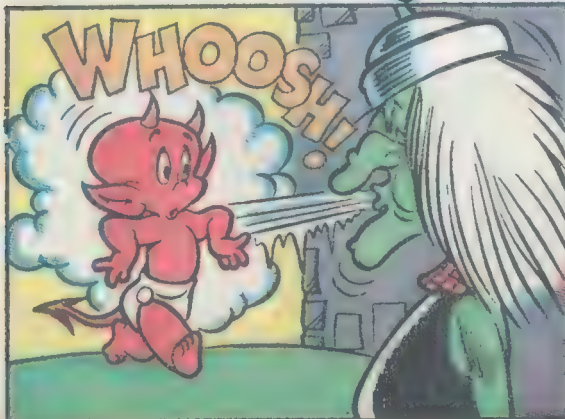
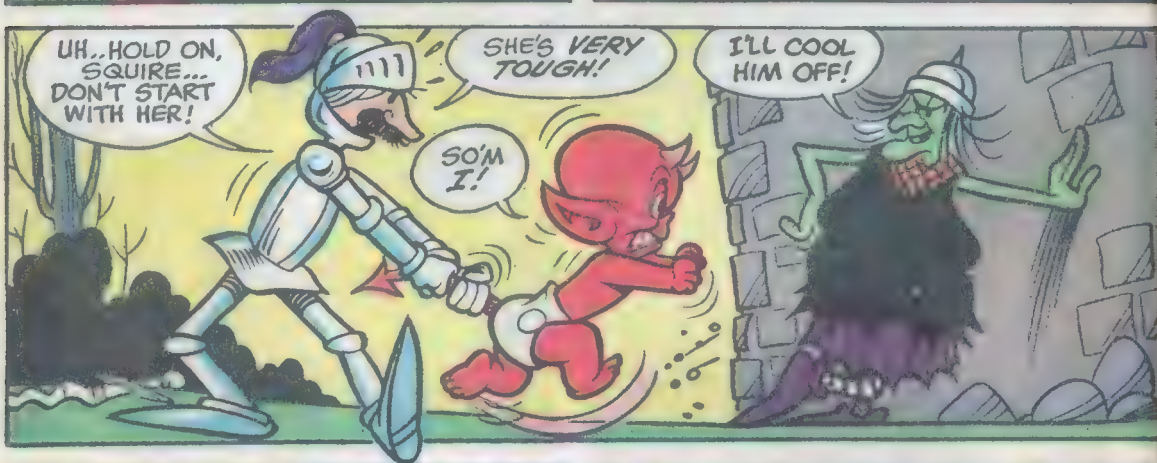
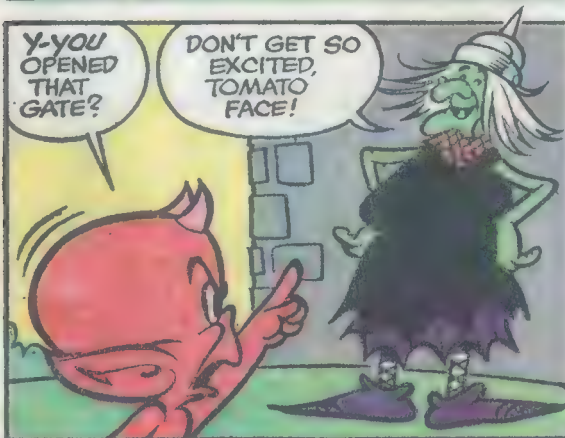
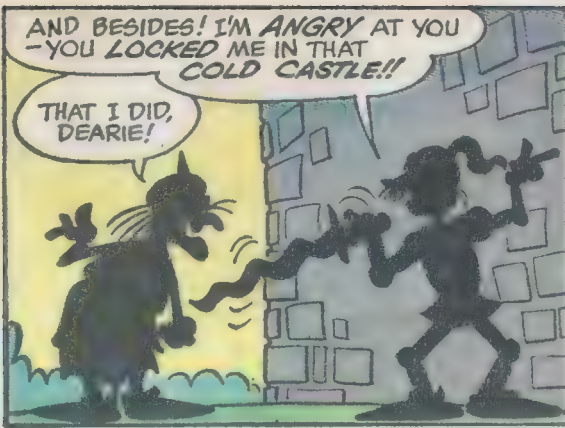


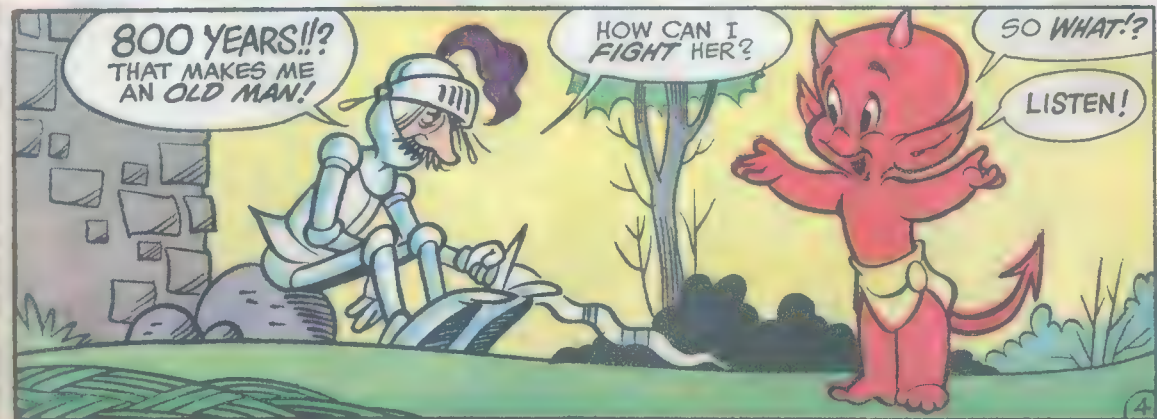
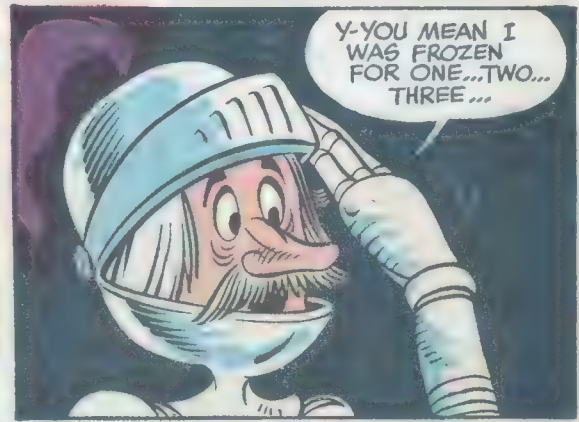
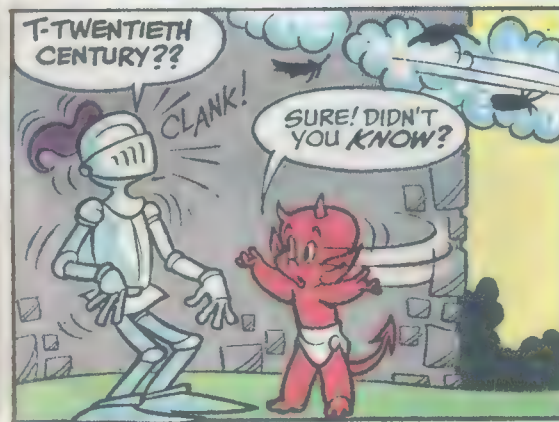
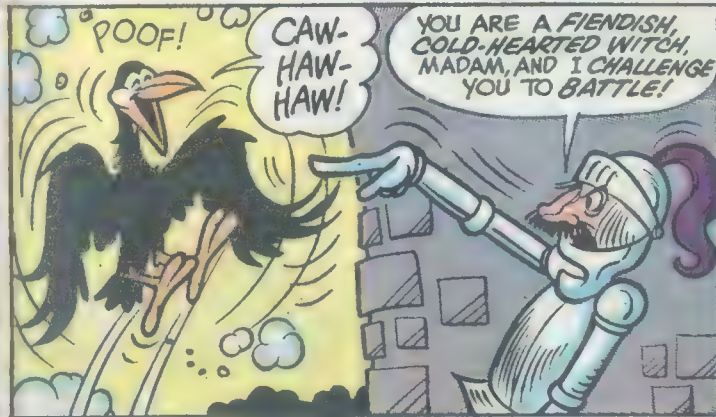
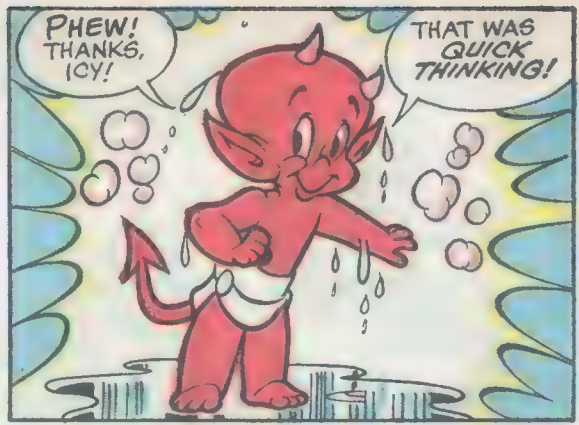
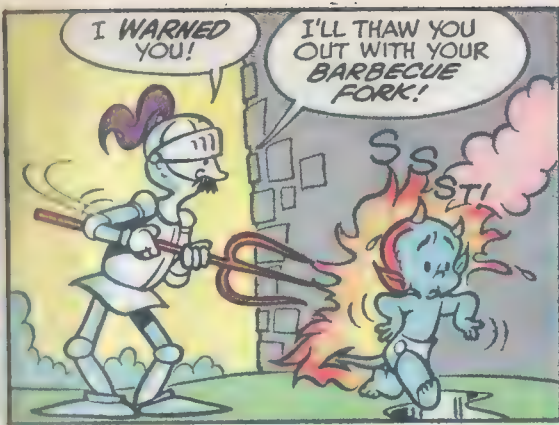
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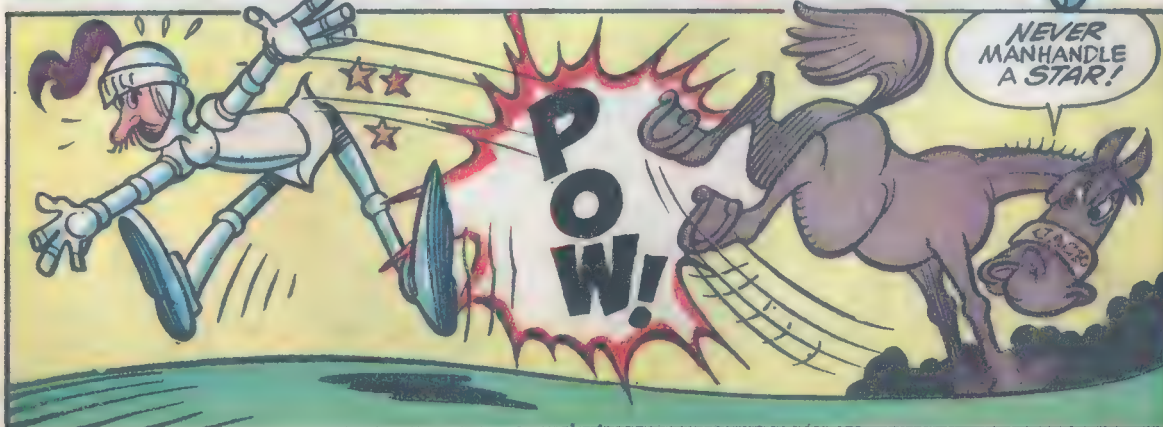
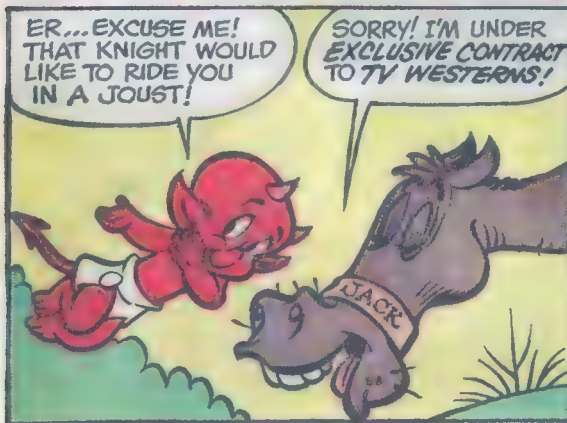
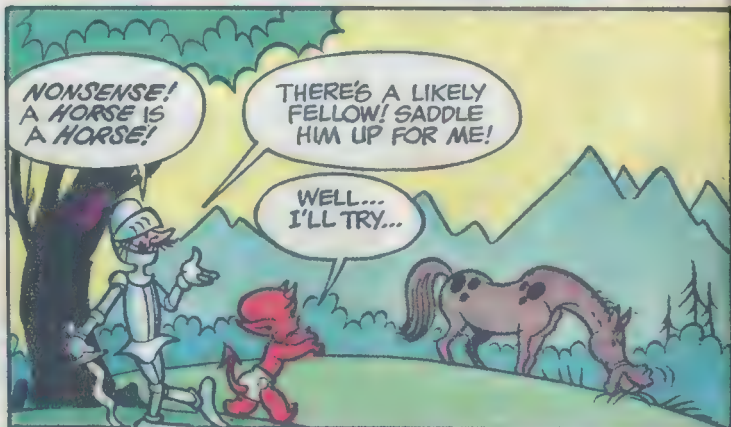
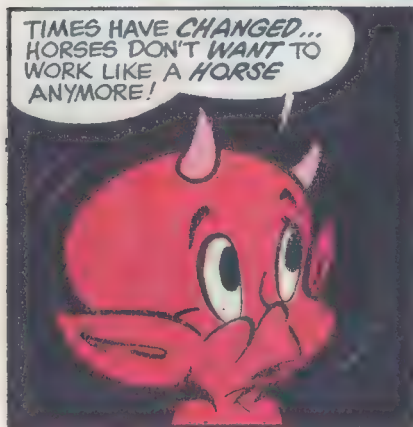
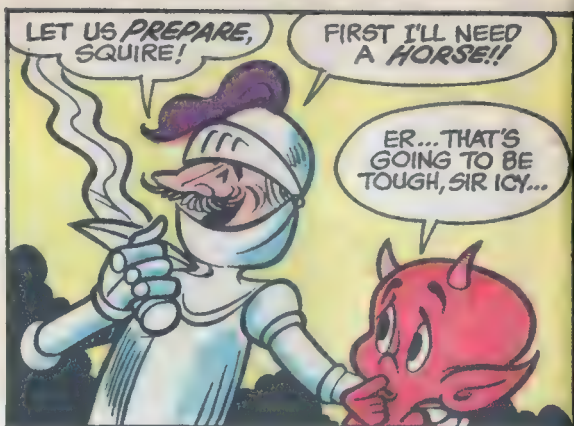
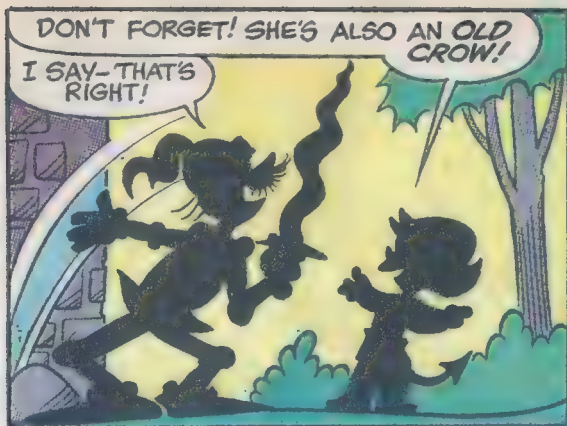
HOT STUFF in **The Old Knight** **THE LITTLE DEVIL** and **THE OLD CROW**











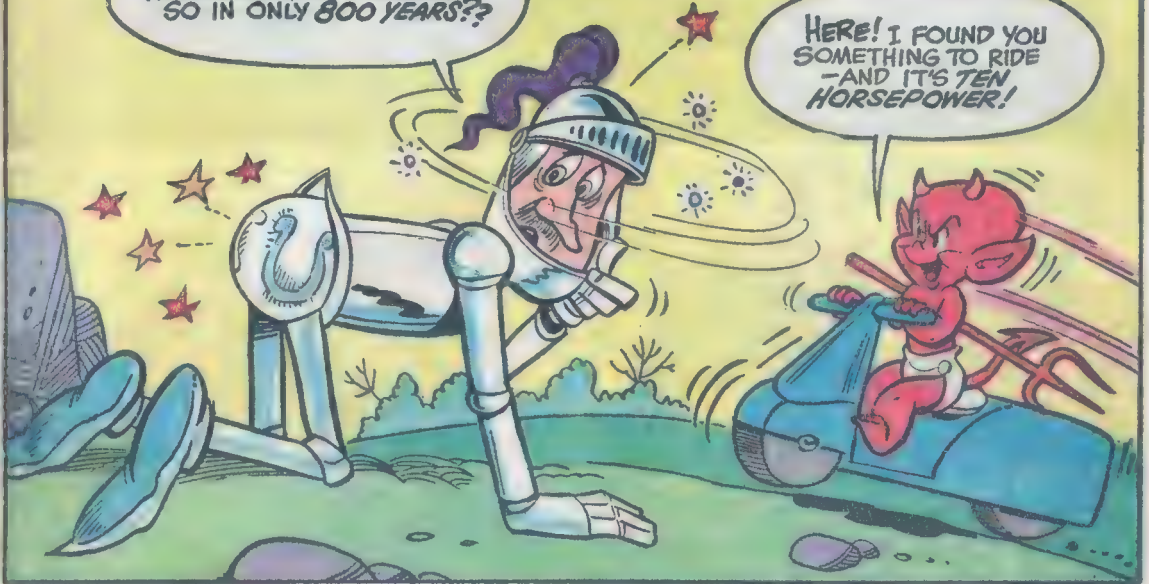
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HOT STUFF™ **The Great JOUST**

THE LITTLE DEVIL

EEGADS! HOW CAN HORSES HAVE CHANGED SO IN ONLY 800 YEARS??

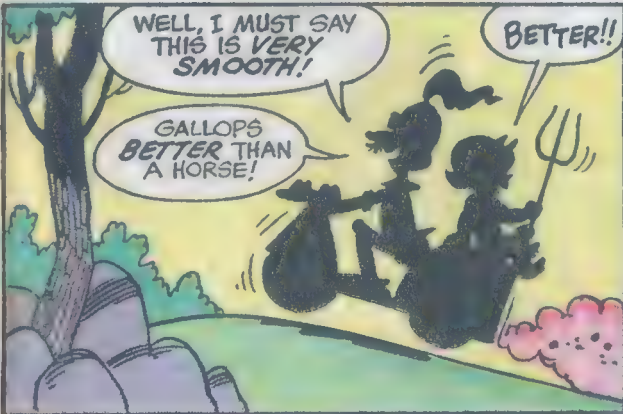
HERE! I FOUND YOU SOMETHING TO RIDE -AND IT'S TEN HORSEPOWER!



WELL, I MUST SAY THIS IS VERY SMOOTH!

BETTER!!

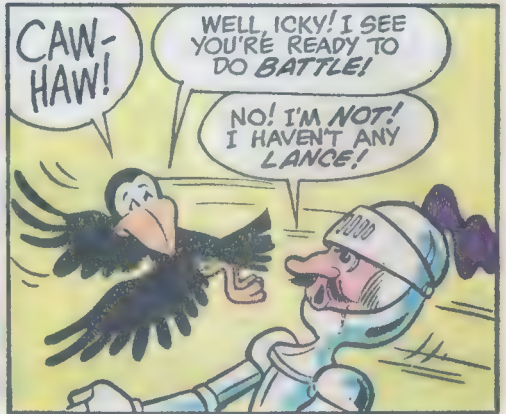
GALLOPS BETTER THAN A HORSE!



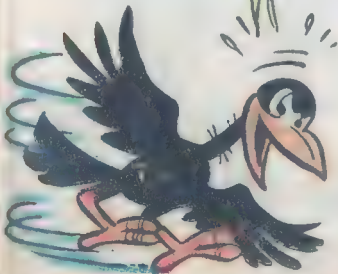
CAW-HAW!

WELL, ICKY! I SEE YOU'RE READY TO DO BATTLE!

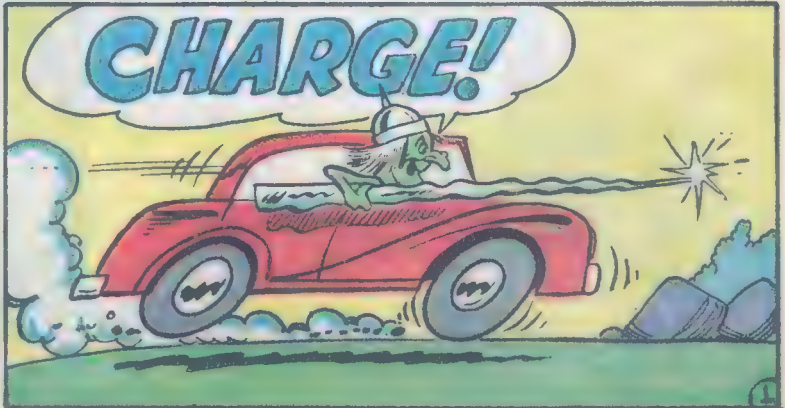
NO! I'M NOT! I HAVEN'T ANY LANCE!

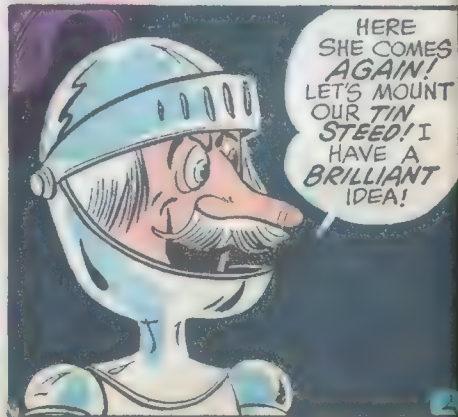
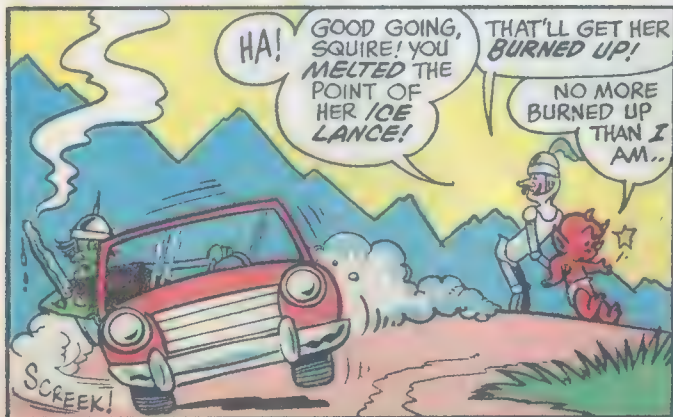
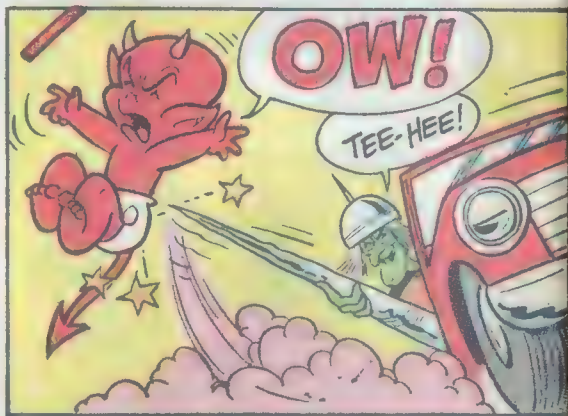
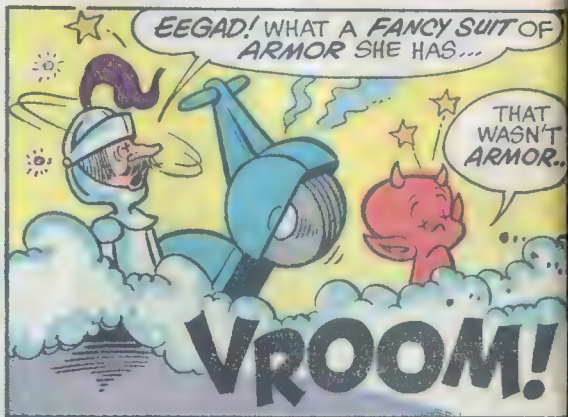
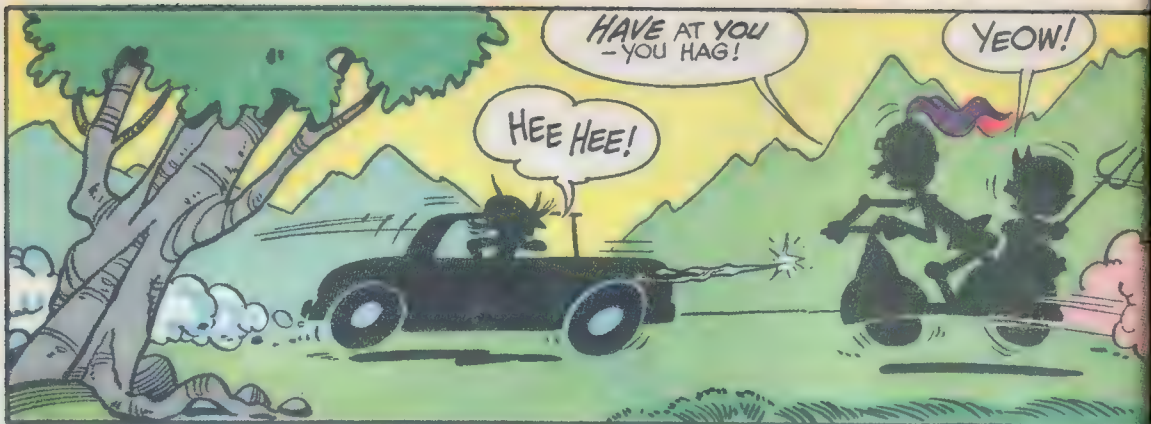


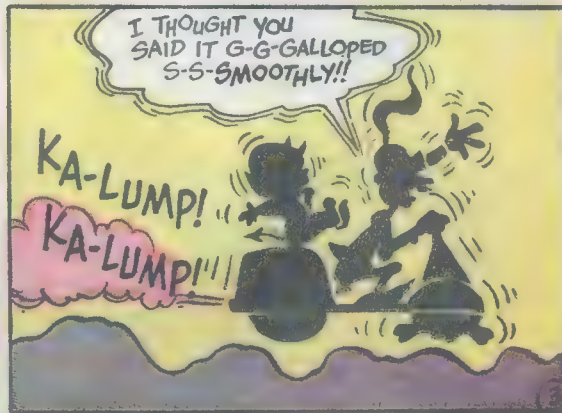
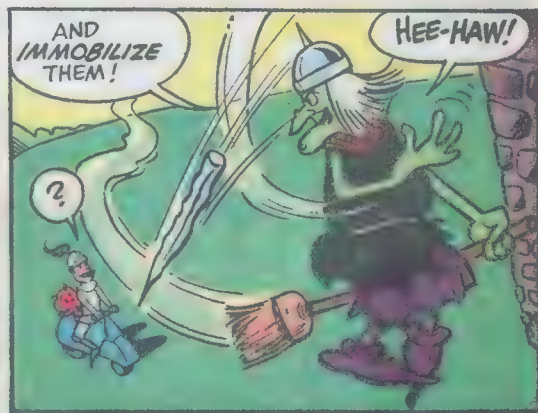
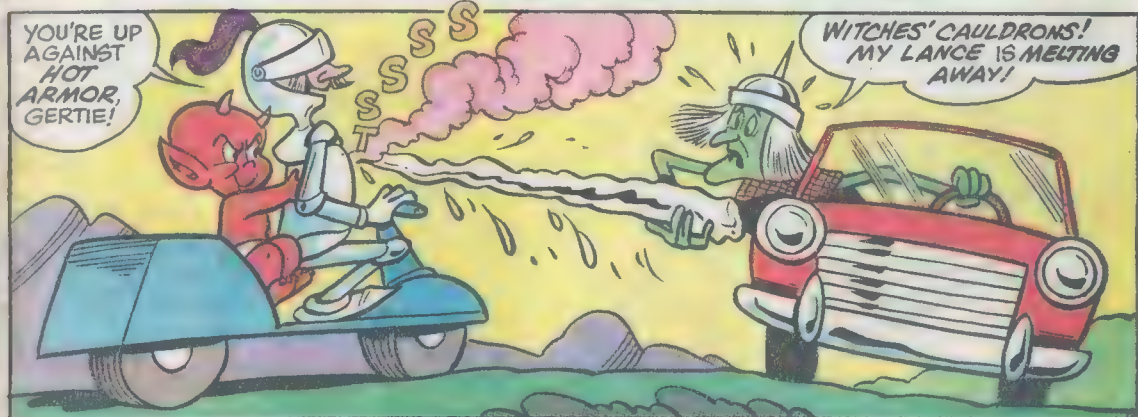
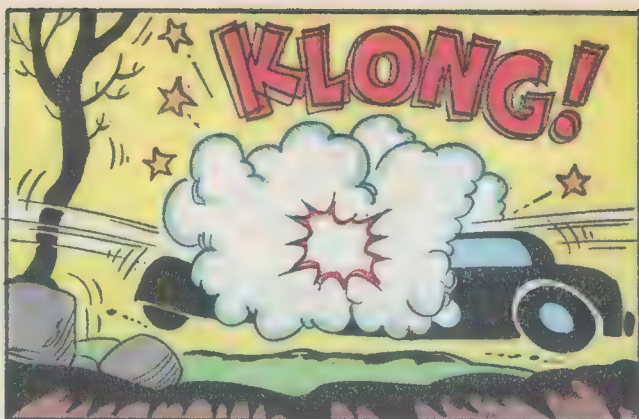
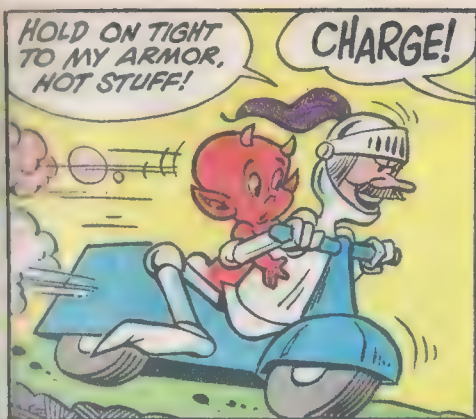
WELL- READY OR NOT- HERE I COME!!

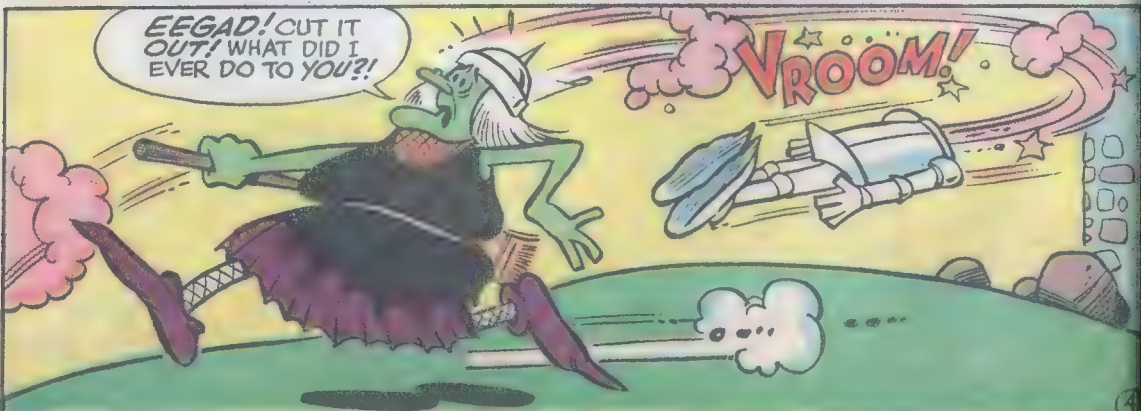
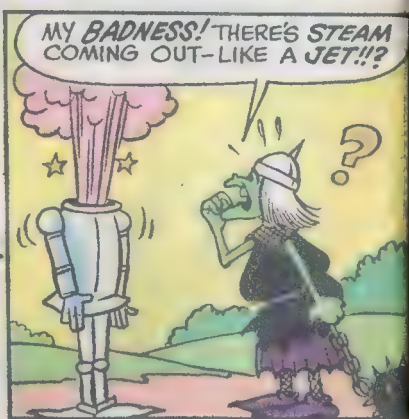
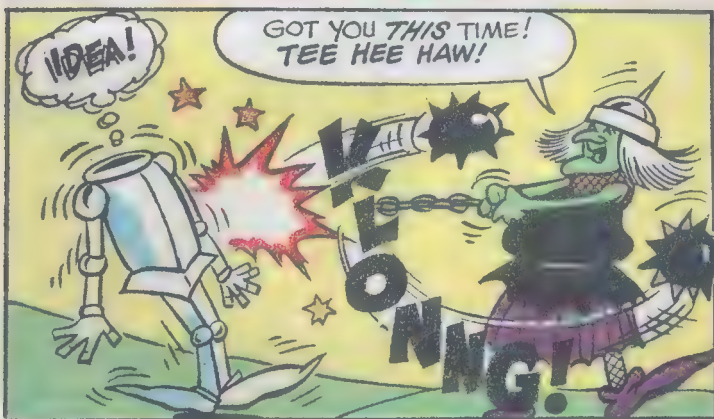
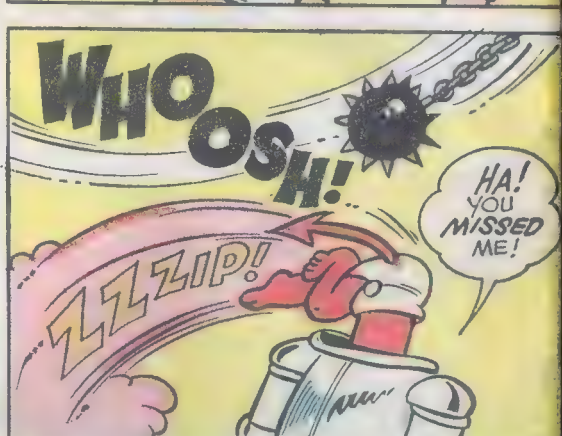
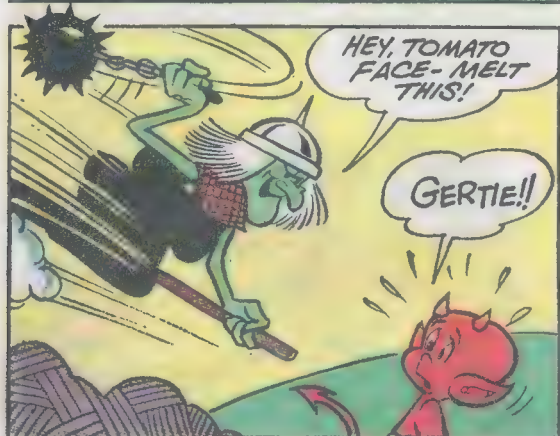
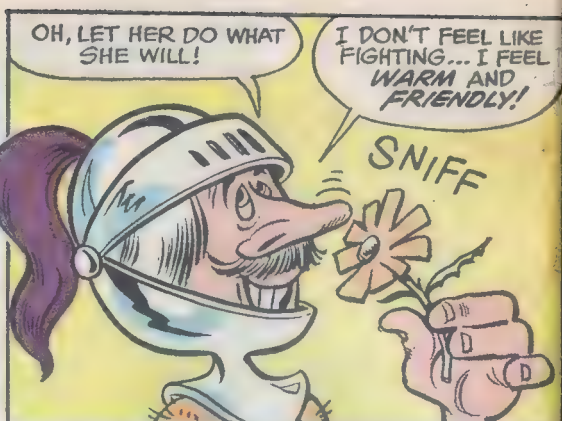
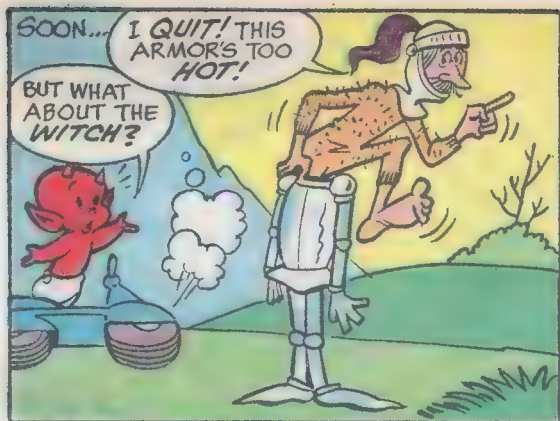


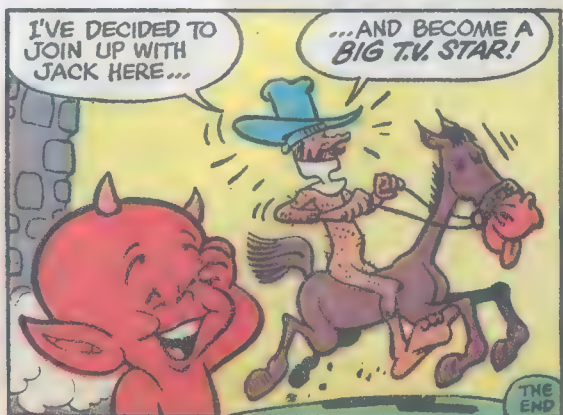
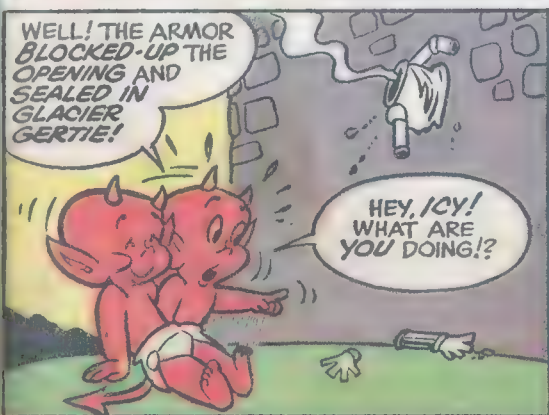
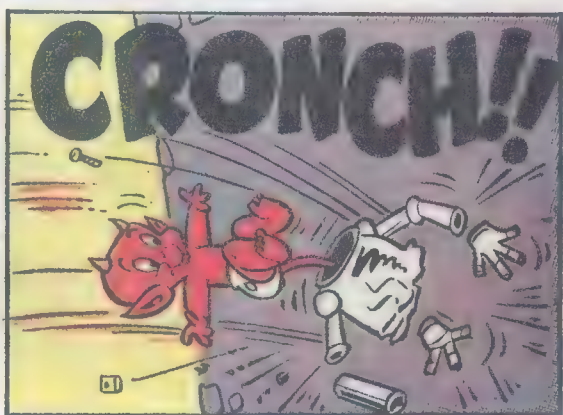
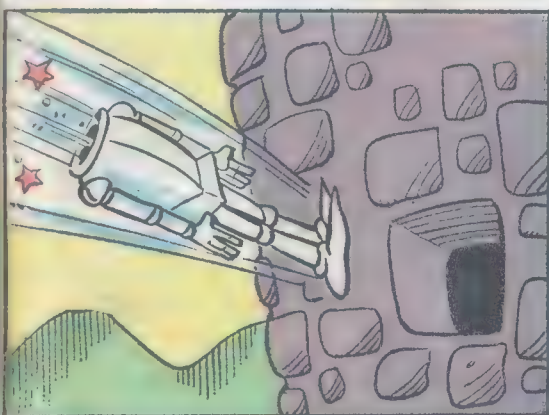
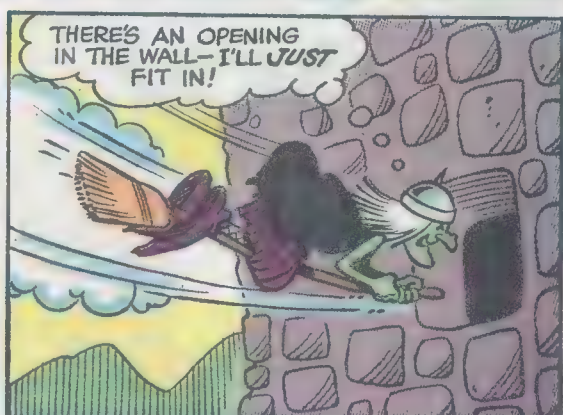
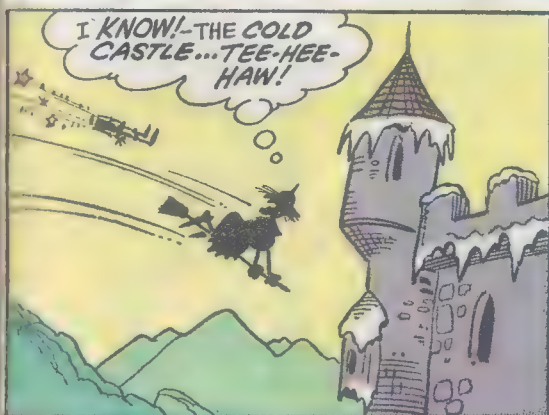
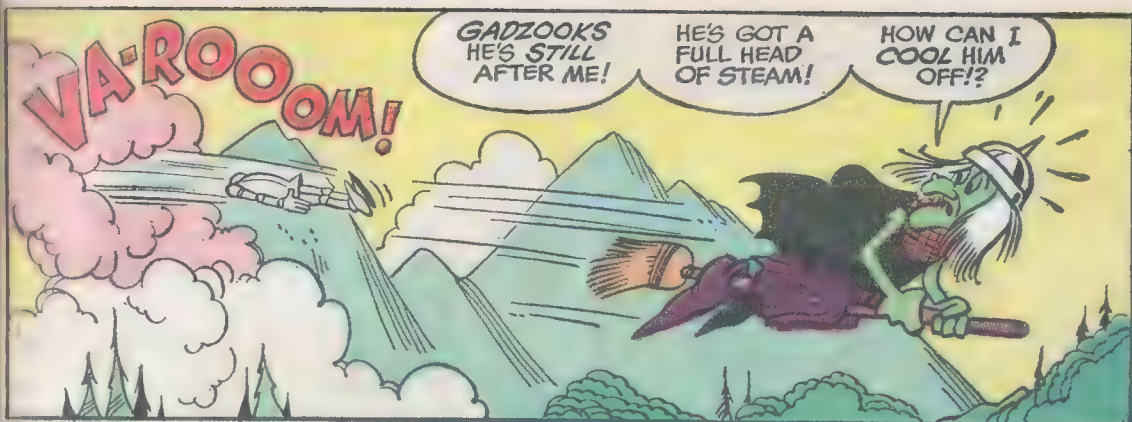
CHARGE!

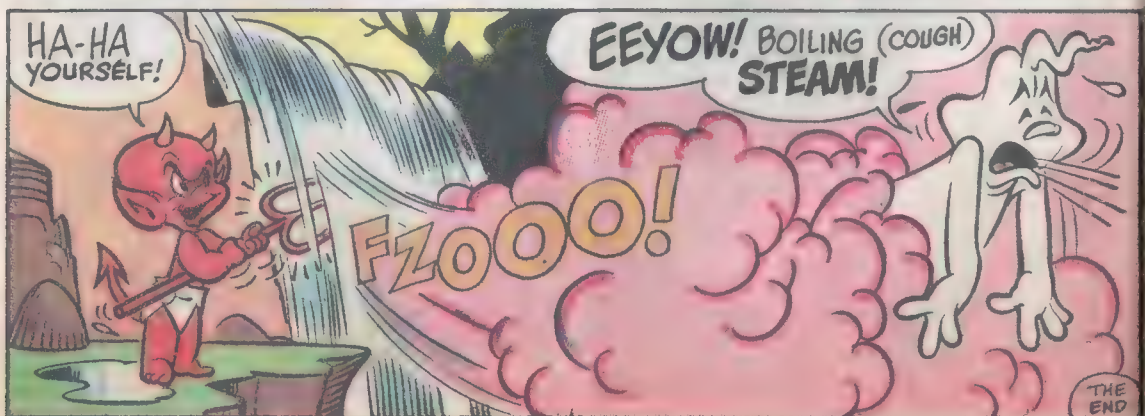
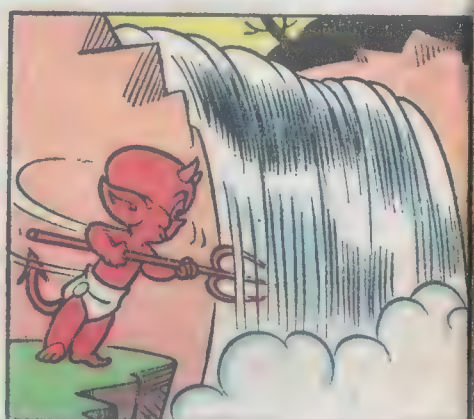
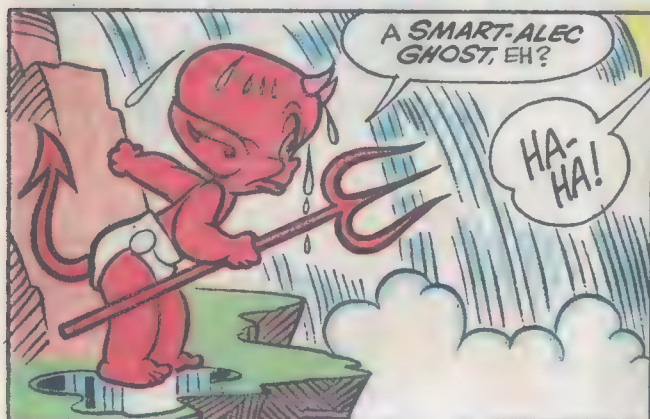
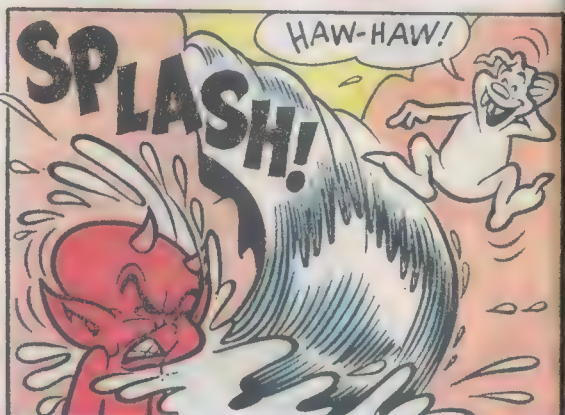
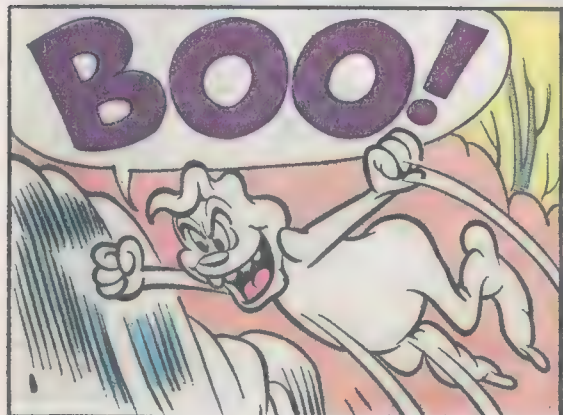
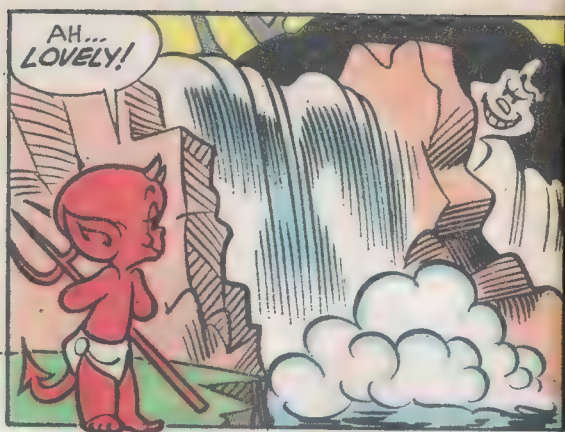






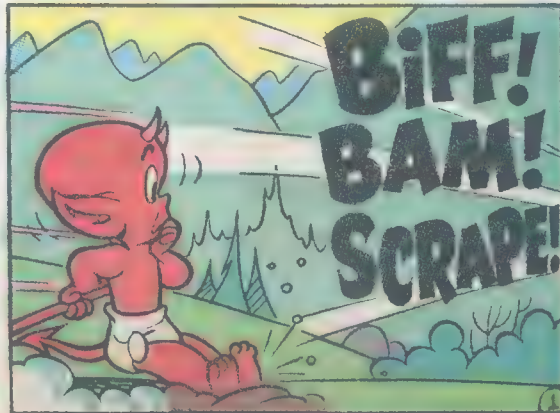
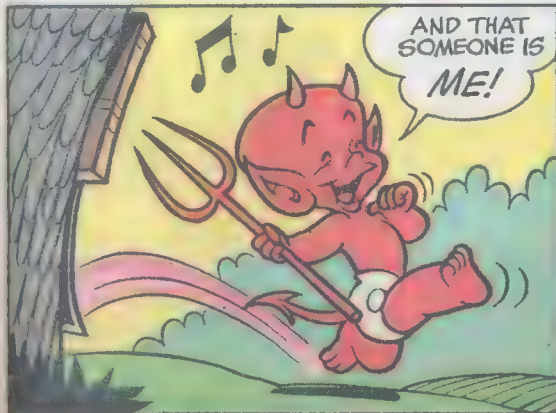
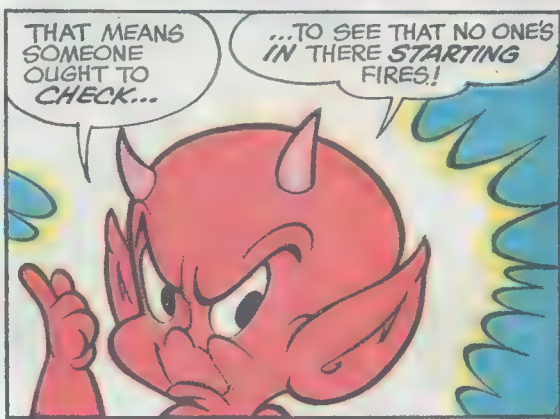
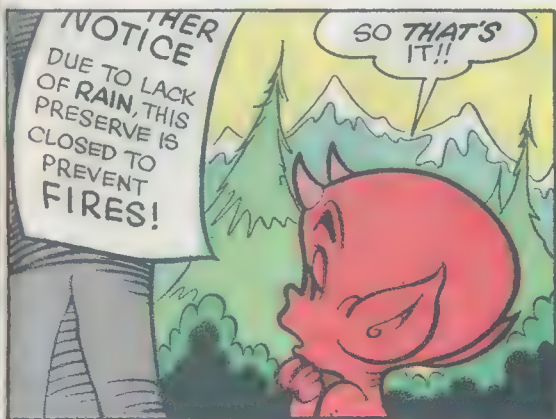


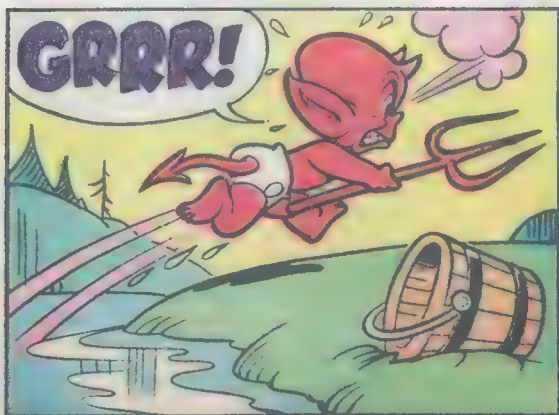
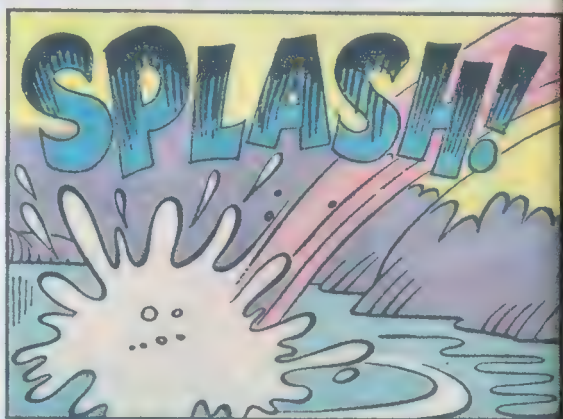
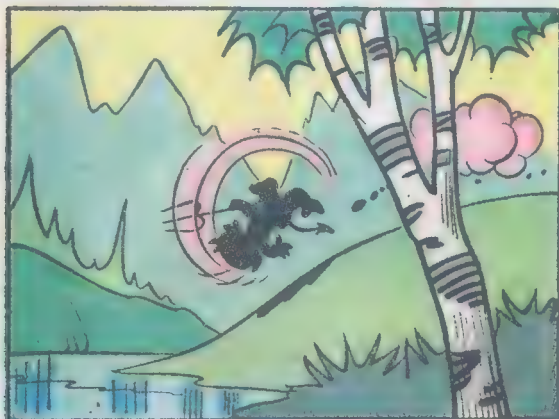
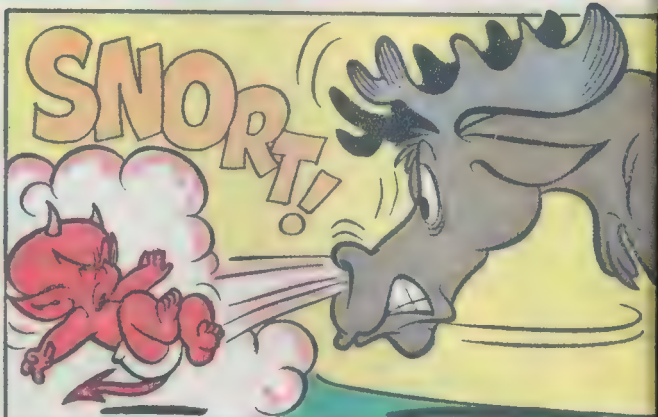
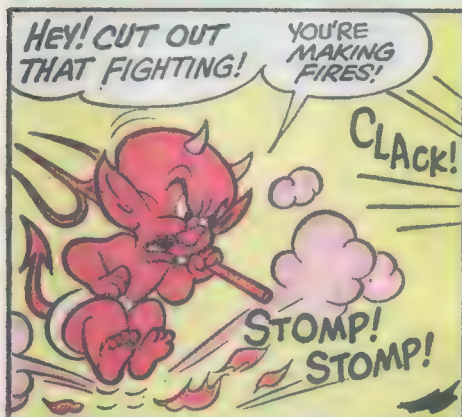
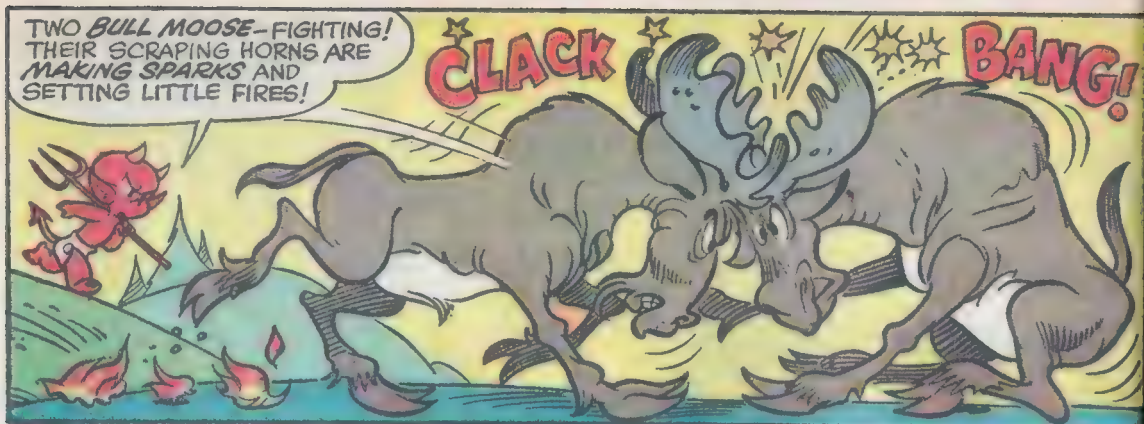


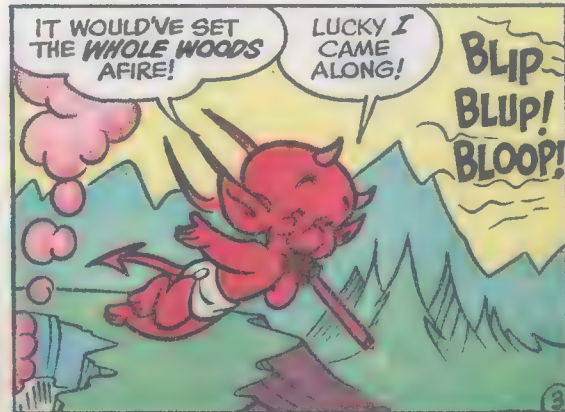
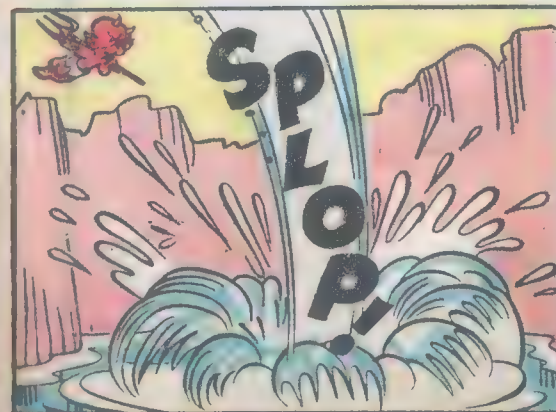
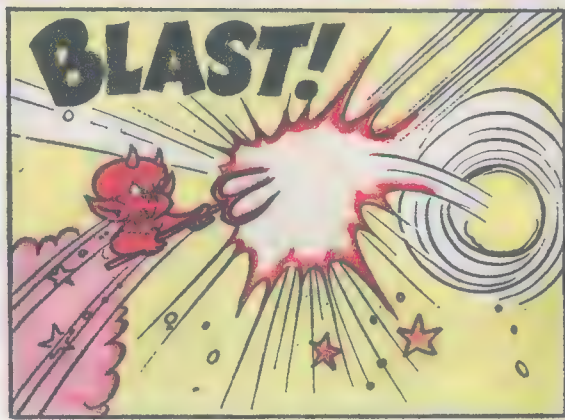
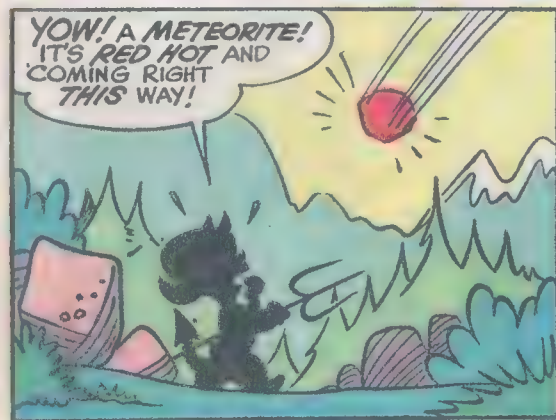
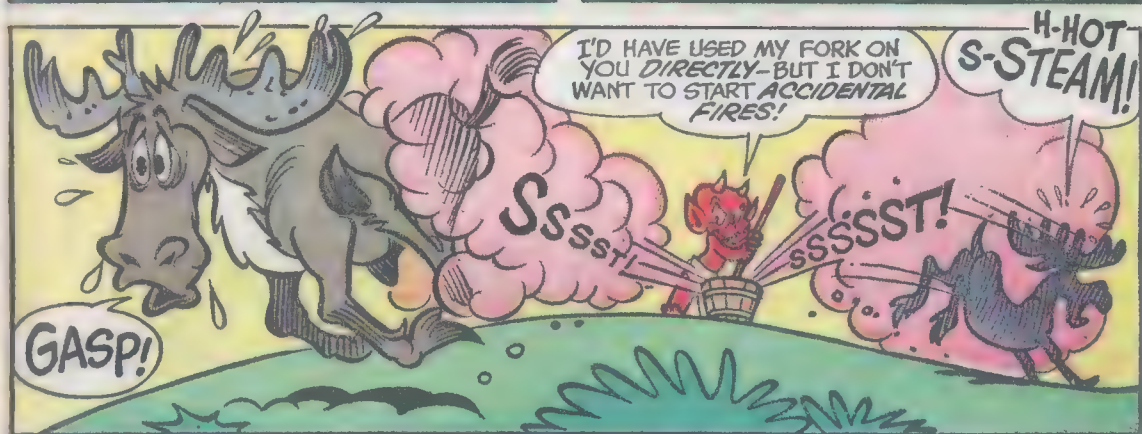
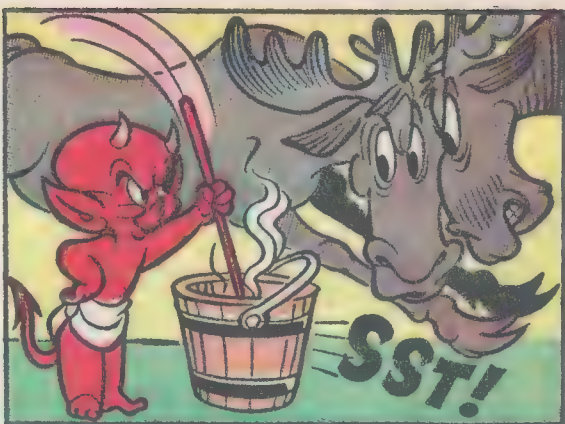
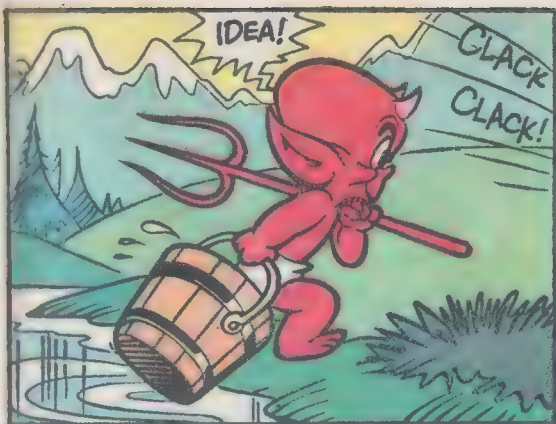


HOT STUFF IN NATURE PRESERVER

THE LITTLE DEVIL



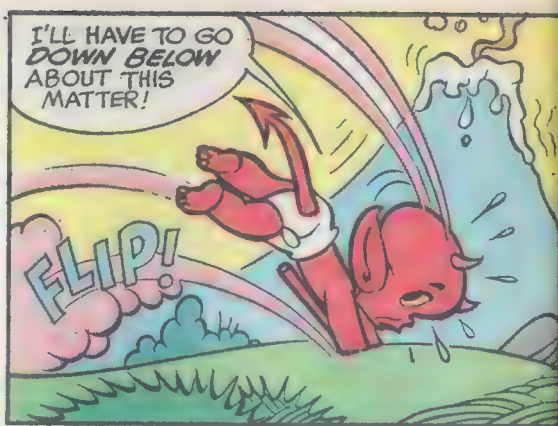






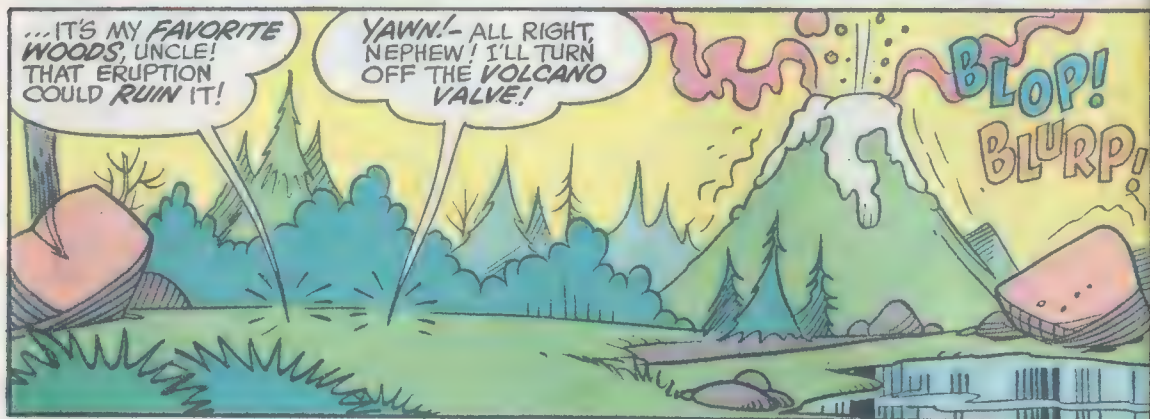
OH, NO! A VOLCANO!
ABOUT TO SHOOT
LAVA THIS WAY!

BLURP!



I'LL HAVE TO GO
DOWN BELOW
ABOUT THIS
MATTER!

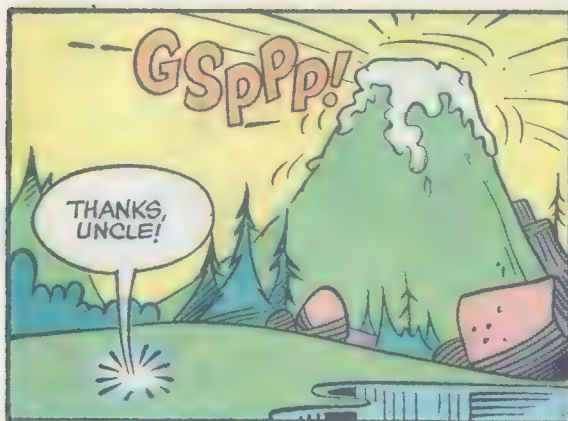
FLIP!



...IT'S MY FAVORITE
WOODS, UNCLE!
THAT ERUPTION
COULD RUIN IT!

YAWN!- ALL RIGHT,
NEPHEW! I'LL TURN
OFF THE VOLCANO
VALVE!

BLOP!
BLURP!

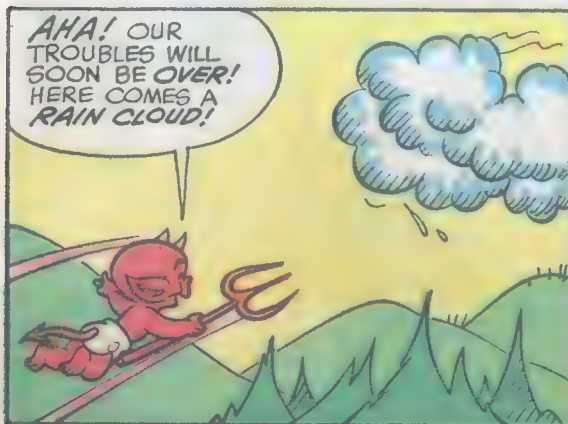


GSPPPP!

THANKS,
UNCLE!



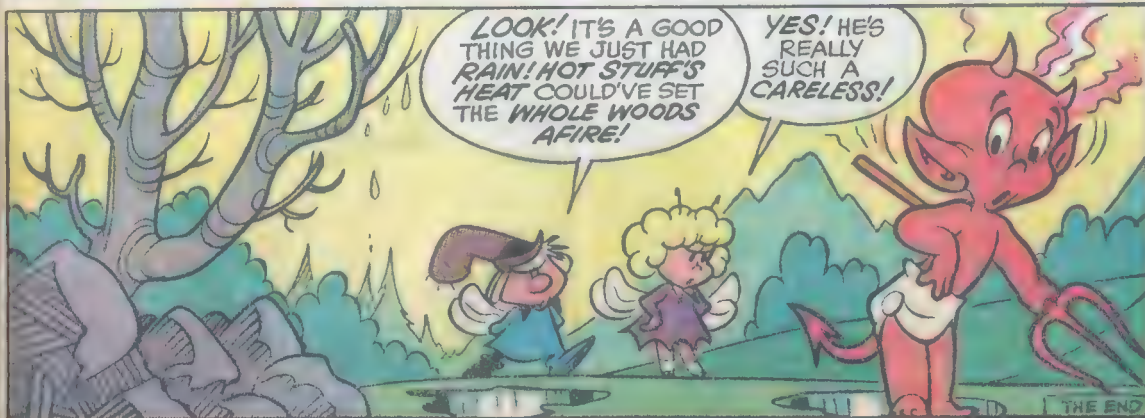
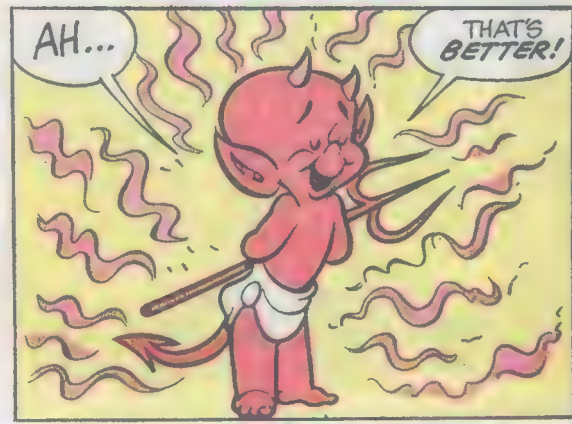
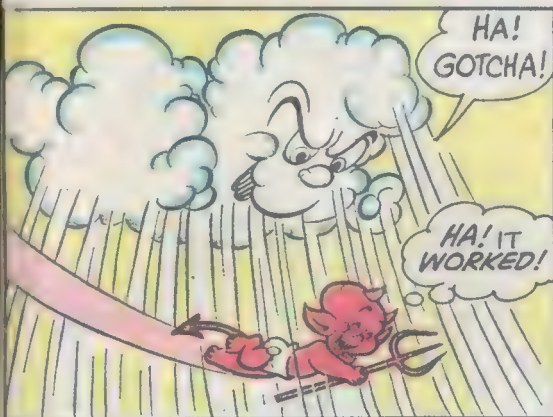
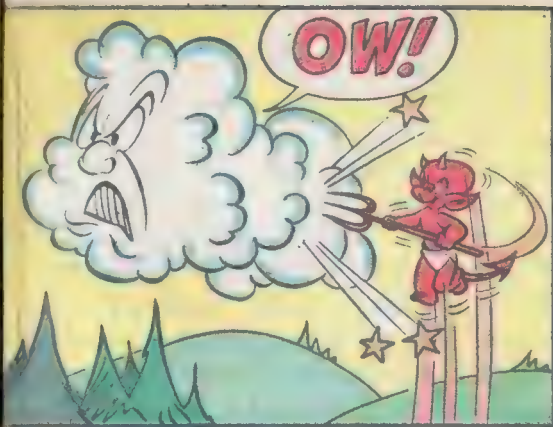
HE WOULDN'T
TURN IT OFF
FOR JUST
ANYBODY!



AHA! OUR
TROUBLES WILL
SOON BE OVER!
HERE COMES A
RAIN CLOUD!



GOSH! IT'S
PASSING BY!
I CAN'T LET
THAT HAPPEN!



SLUMP

Marty stepped up to the plate, his heart thudding painfully against his ribs. His palms were wet with perspiration as he clutched the bat . . .

"Stree-ike one!" yelled the umpire.

Marty gripped the bat even tighter. He could feel his muscles tensing, and he tried desperately to relax. He *had* to relax! He *had* to . . .

"Stree-ike two!" called the ump.

The pitcher grinned as the catcher tossed the ball back to him. He could afford to smile, Marty thought bitterly. He was ahead of the game now. His whole team was ahead . . . two to one. While Marty's team was depending on *him*. There was a man on second with two men out. One hit . . . one good, solid hit . . . would tie up the ball game, would put the Blue Jays back in the running. And it was all up to him . . .

"Ball one!" the umpire signaled.

The tension eased a bit. "No need to get excited!" Marty told himself prayerfully. "The guy's still afraid to pitch to me, to throw me anything good! That shows I've still got the old stuff . . ."

"Stree-ike three!" bawled the ump. "You're out!"

The bat slipped from Marty's nerveless fingers. What a fool he'd been even to hope! It was gone . . . all gone . . . and he'd known

it all along. Deep in his heart, he'd known it. With dragging feet, he shuffled over to his shortstop's position as the teams changed sides. None of his teammates spoke to him, and he said nothing to any of them. What was there to say? Once he'd been the star. Now he was a failure . . . hitless in his last *twelve* times at bat. Yes, this last one had made it an even dozen. He was through . . . and he knew it.

The Blue Jay's pitcher retired the other side in order, and the inning was over. One more, and the ball game would be over too. "Take me out, Mr. Holt," Marty mumbled to the Blue Jay's manager as he entered the dugout. "Let somebody else finish the game. Take me out before I foul the team up with my fielding too."

"What are you talking about?" asked Mr. Holt. "You're the best shortstop in the Little League, Marty, and you know it!"

"Yeah . . . and the worst hitter!" Marty retorted bitterly. "Let's face it, Mr. Holt! I'm washed up!"

"Why, you whining, self-pitying little brat!" roared the manager. "Who do you think you are? Roy Campanella, Stan Musial, Red Schoendienst . . . the biggest names in the major leagues can have their slumps! But not the great Marty Ferris! When *he* slumps, he wants to quit!"

"Who wants to quit?" Marty yelled furiously. The manager's anger had done what no amount of sympathy could ever have accomplished. "By the time this season is over, I'll be leading the league in hits!" And suddenly, somehow, he knew it was true . . .

CASPER, THE FRIENDLY GHOST



WISHING WELL

"Whoever drops a penny into the wishing well and wishes hard . . . whoever believes in the wishing well . . . will have his wish come true."

That was what the sign said . . . in big, bold letters. Maryjane stared at it long and hard . . . till she knew every word of it by heart. "I believe in the wishing well!" she whispered aloud. "I truly believe with all my heart!" Slowly her hand uncurled. *Plink* went her penny as it dropped down . . . down . . . down into the dark depths of the murky water.

"I wish," said Maryjane, closing her eyes tight, "I wish I had a way to get Mama an anniversary present . . . something to make her really happy . . . like she used to be . . . before Daddy went away . . ."

Slowly . . . oh, so slowly, she opened her eyes. But nothing had changed. There was the well with its mystic sign. There was the sun streaming down at her, the bright green grass, the nodding cornflowers. Everything was exactly the same. Maryjane didn't know exactly what it was she'd expected to happen, but somehow she was dreadfully disappointed. Disconsolately, she turned away from the wishing well and started the long walk back home, her feet scuffing sadly along the ground.

You see, Maryjane's father was in the Army. He was a doctor, and the Army needed him, so he was called back into serv-

ice. But Maryjane and her mother **needed** him too . . . especially her mother. Oh, she had tried hard to be brave, but it was two whole years now that Doctor Parsons had been away. And Maryjane's mother was terribly sad and lonely without him. Maryjane had tried hard to take her Daddy's place, but of course it wasn't the same. Mrs. Parsons pretended to be bright and cheerful, but Maryjane knew better.

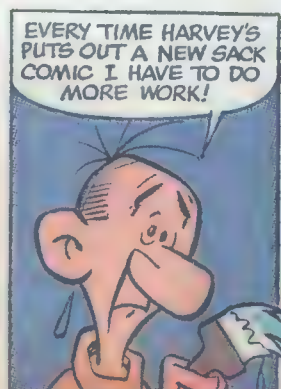
All these things were in her mind as she scuffed along the dusty country road. They were in her mind today especially because today was her mother's and father's wedding anniversary. And she hated to go home without even a gift to lighten her mother's heart. "I'll go to the post office first," she decided. "Maybe there'll be a letter from Daddy."

And sure enough, when she reached the post office, there was a letter waiting. Clutching it tight in her hand, Maryjane ran all the way home. *This* would make the anniversary day at least a little more pleasant for Mama, she thought happily.

But she was hardly prepared for what happened when her mother read the letter! Laughing and crying at the same time, Mrs. Parsons threw her arms around her daughter. "He's coming home!" she sang. "Daddy's coming home! To stay! Oh, Maryjane darling, this was the best anniversary present you could have brought me!"

Anniversary present! Why, so it was. Not exactly what she'd had in mind, of course, but . . . "It came true!" shouted Maryjane. "I believed, **AND MY WISH CAME TRUE!**"

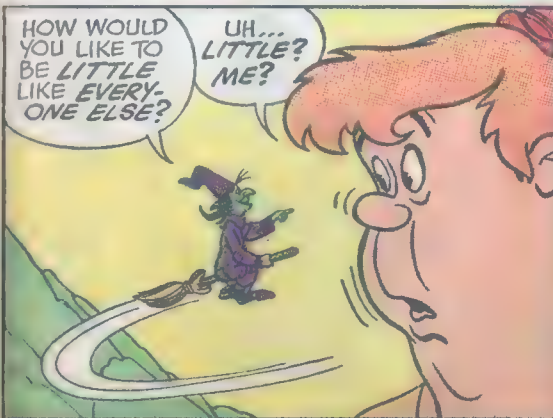
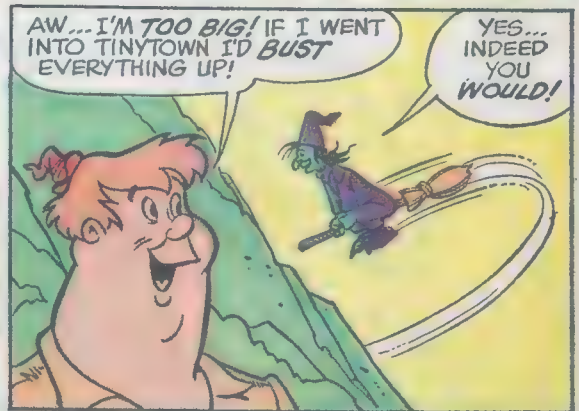
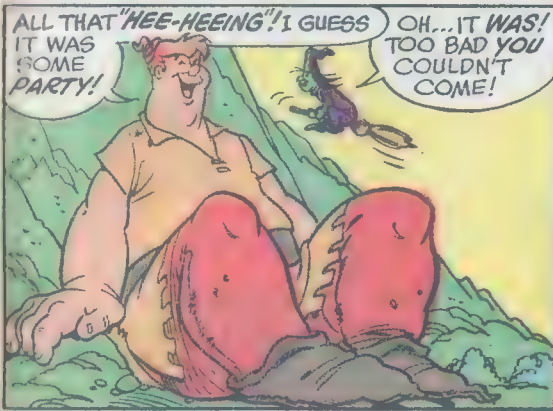
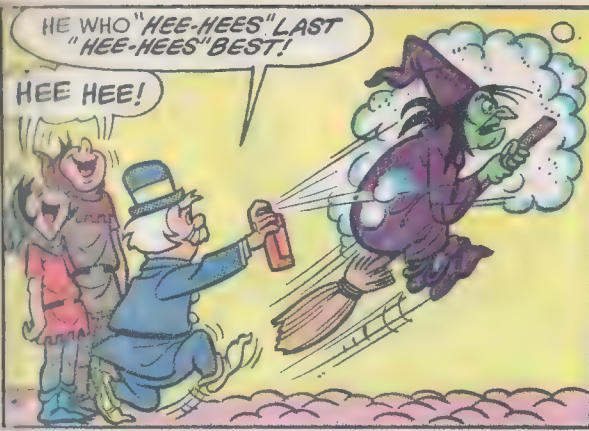
SAD SACK

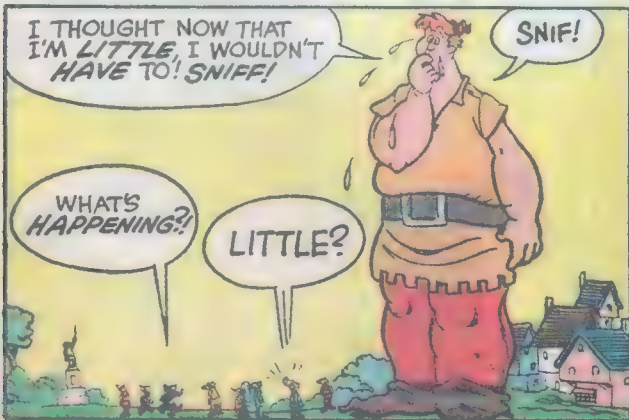
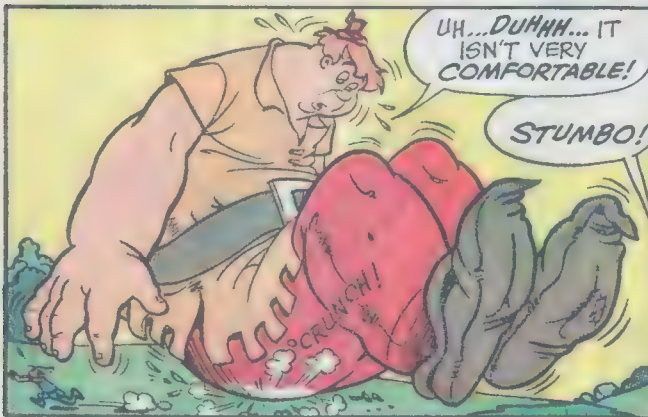
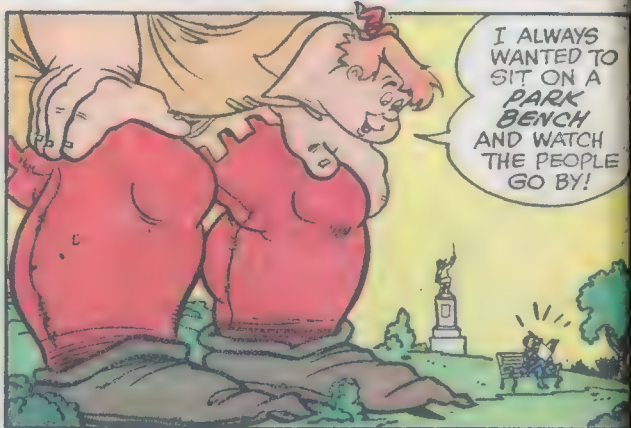
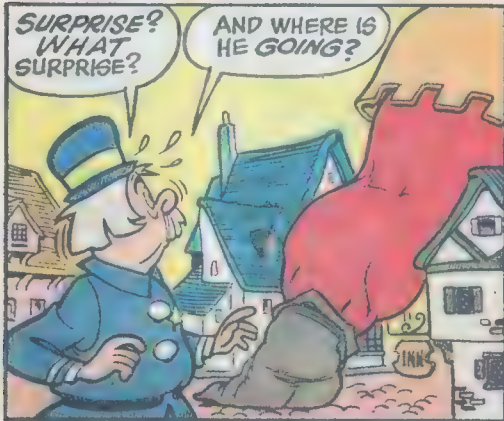


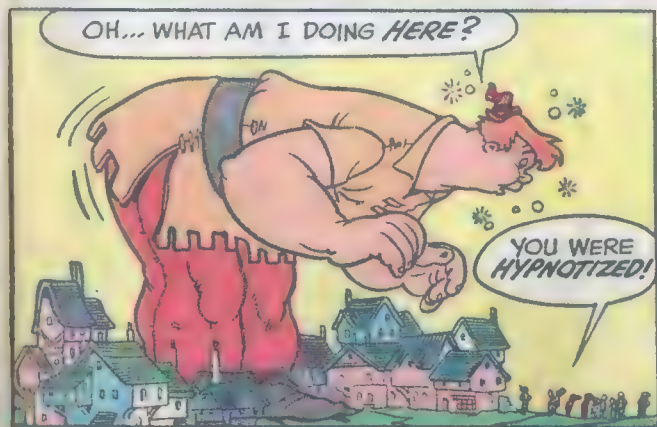
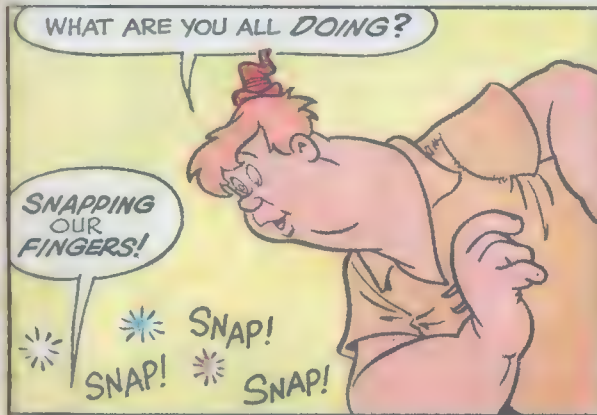
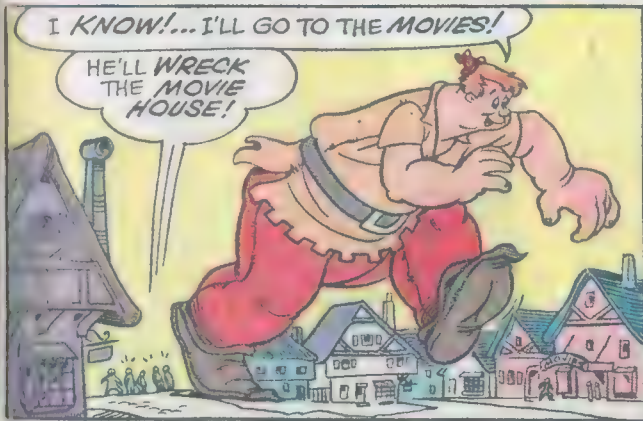
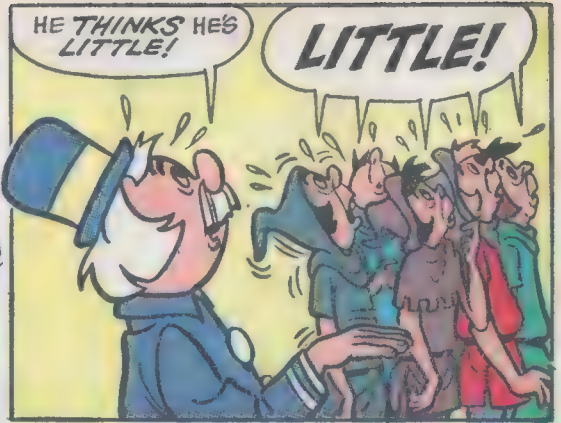
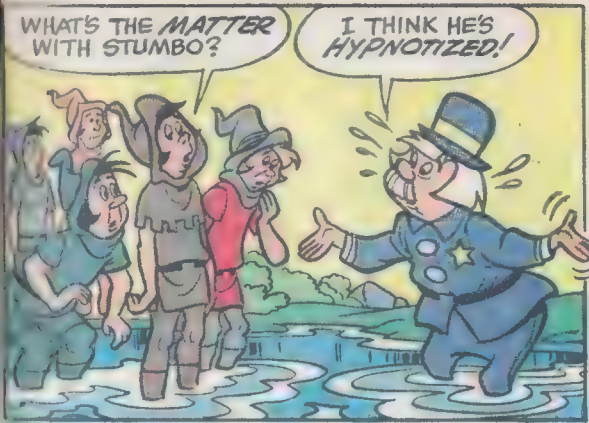
STUMBO[®] The Giant

IN THINK LITTLE











HEE HEE!
HAVING A
GOOD TIME,
LITTLE
STUMBO?

YES! AND NOW I'D LIKE TO
GO WADING!



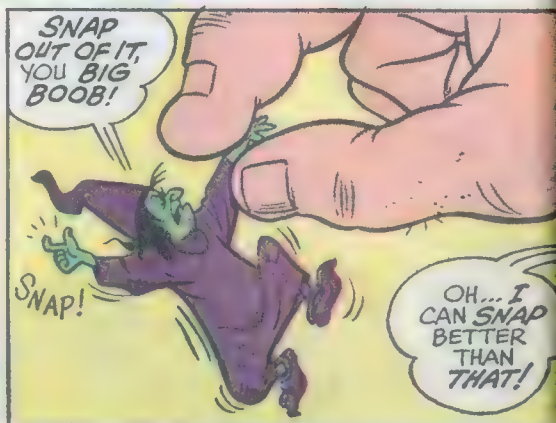
WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO GO
WITH ME?

NO!



LET ME GO! I
CAN'T SWIM!

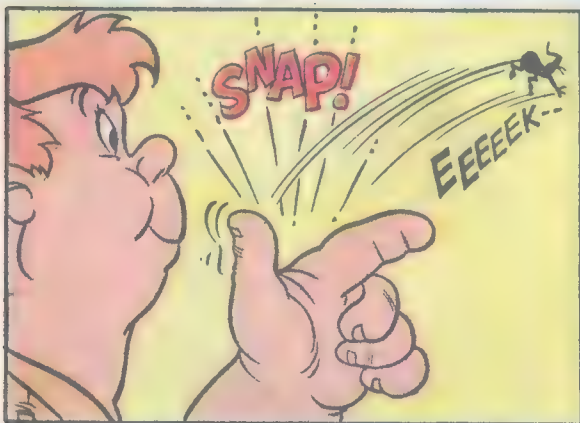
YOU DON'T
HAVE TO! IT'S
ONLY UP TO
OUR KNEES!



SNAP
OUT OF IT,
YOU BIG
BOOB!

SNAP!

OH... I
CAN SNAP
BETTER
THAN
THAT!



SNAP!

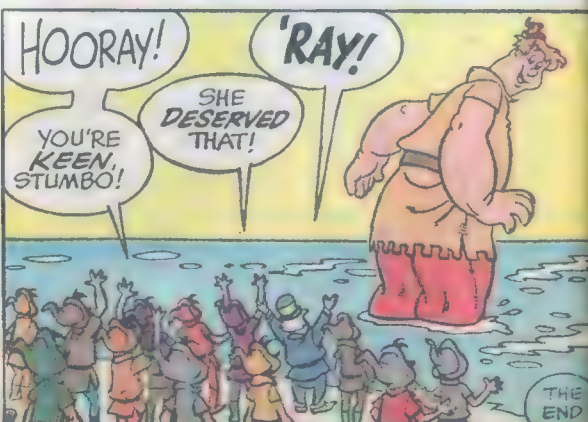
EEEEEEK--



WAIT! TAKE YOUR
BROOM WITH YOU!



OH! YOU'RE
MEAN,
STUMBO!



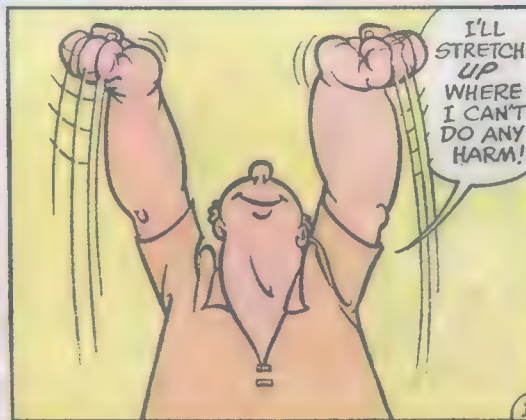
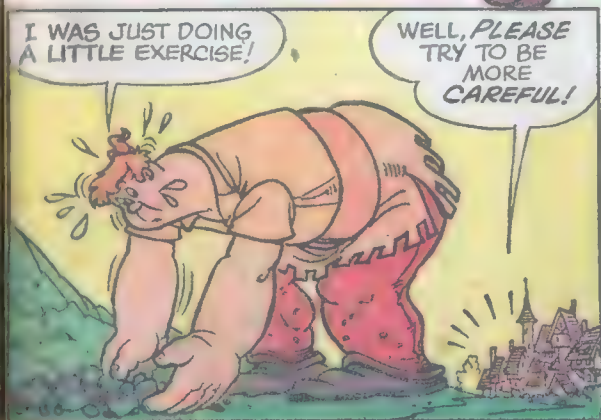
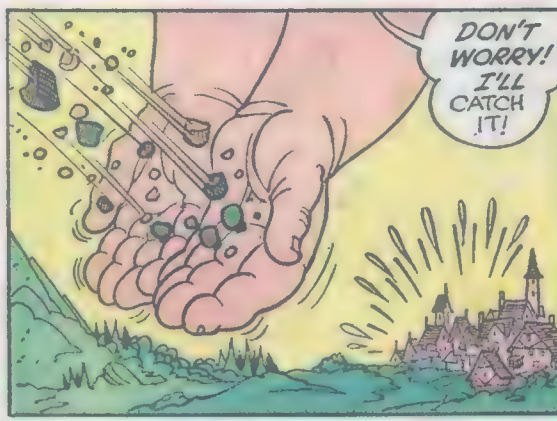
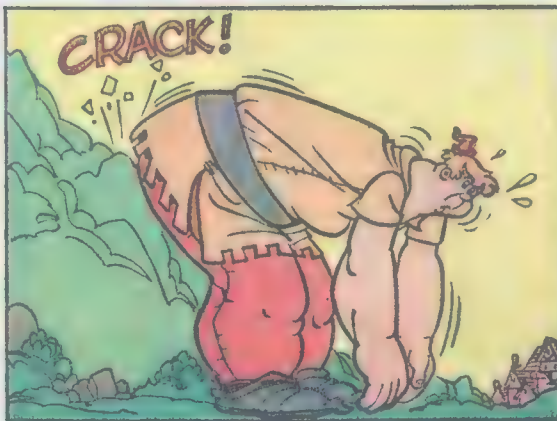
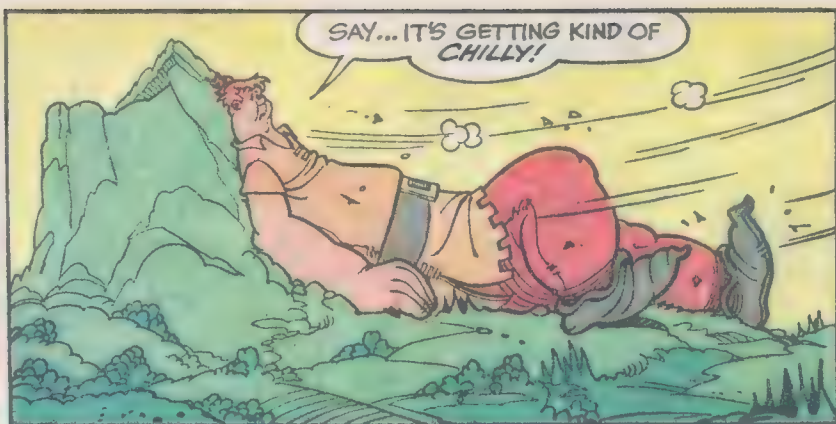
HOORAY!

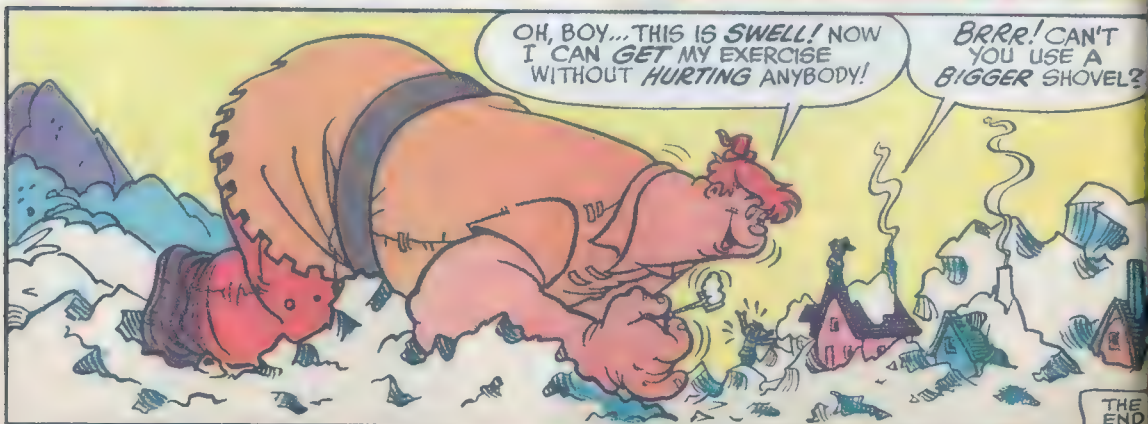
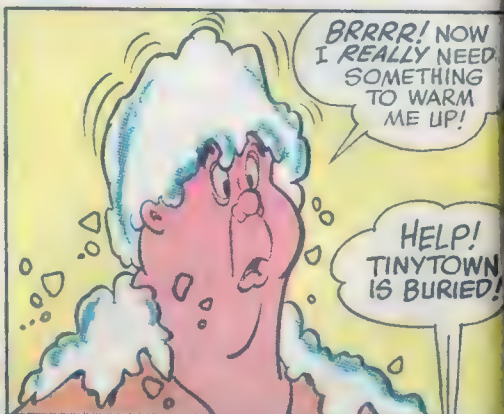
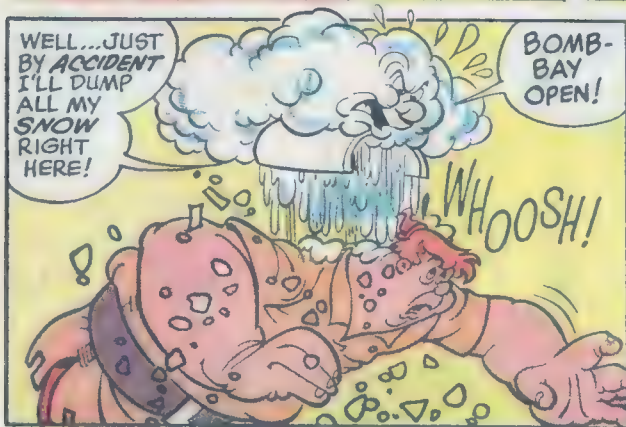
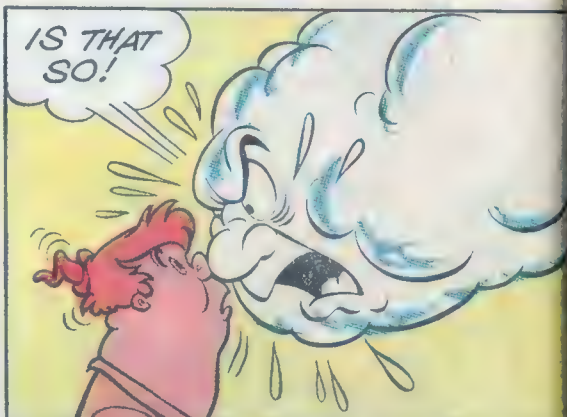
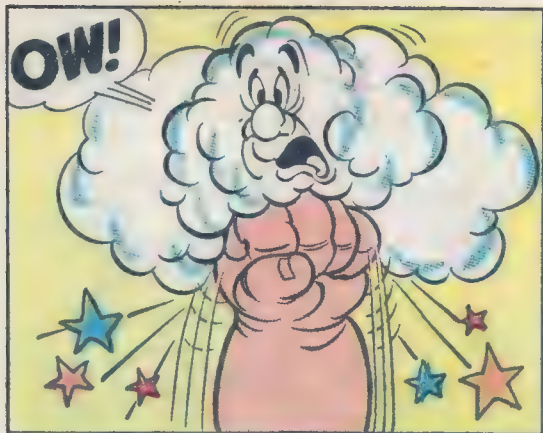
'RAY!

YOU'RE
KEEN,
STUMBO!

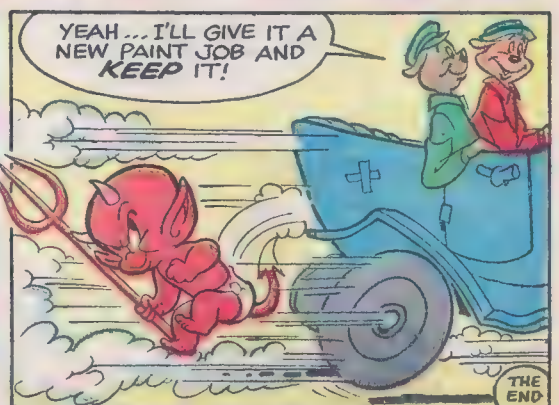
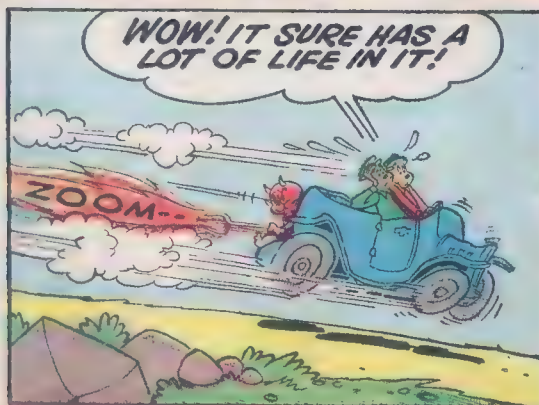
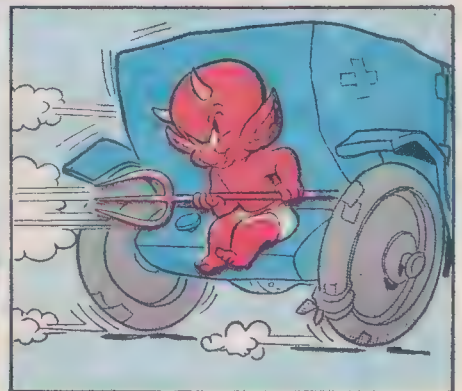
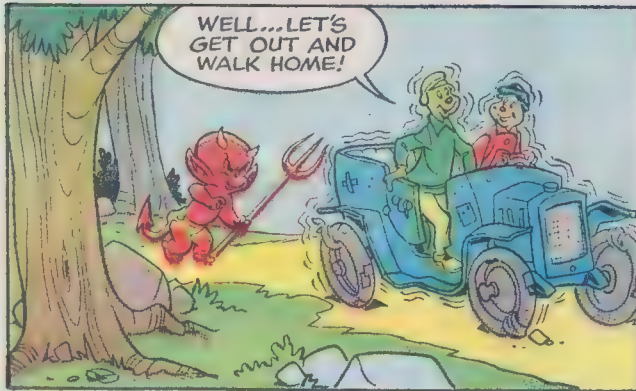
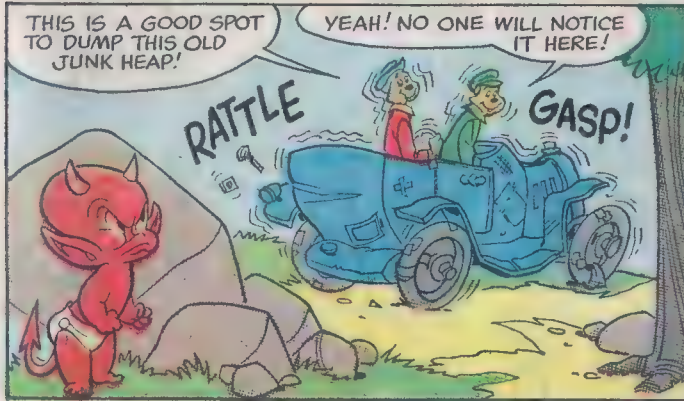
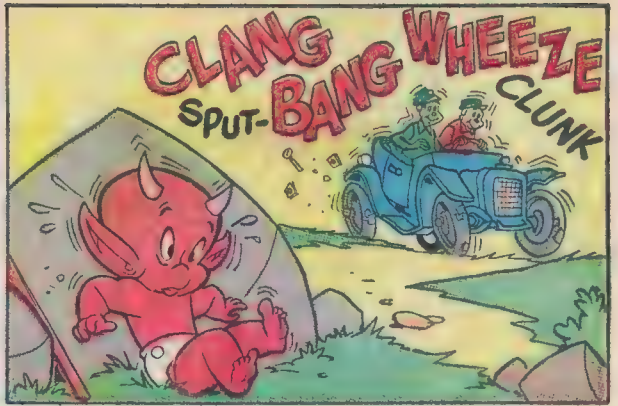
SHE
DESERVED
THAT!

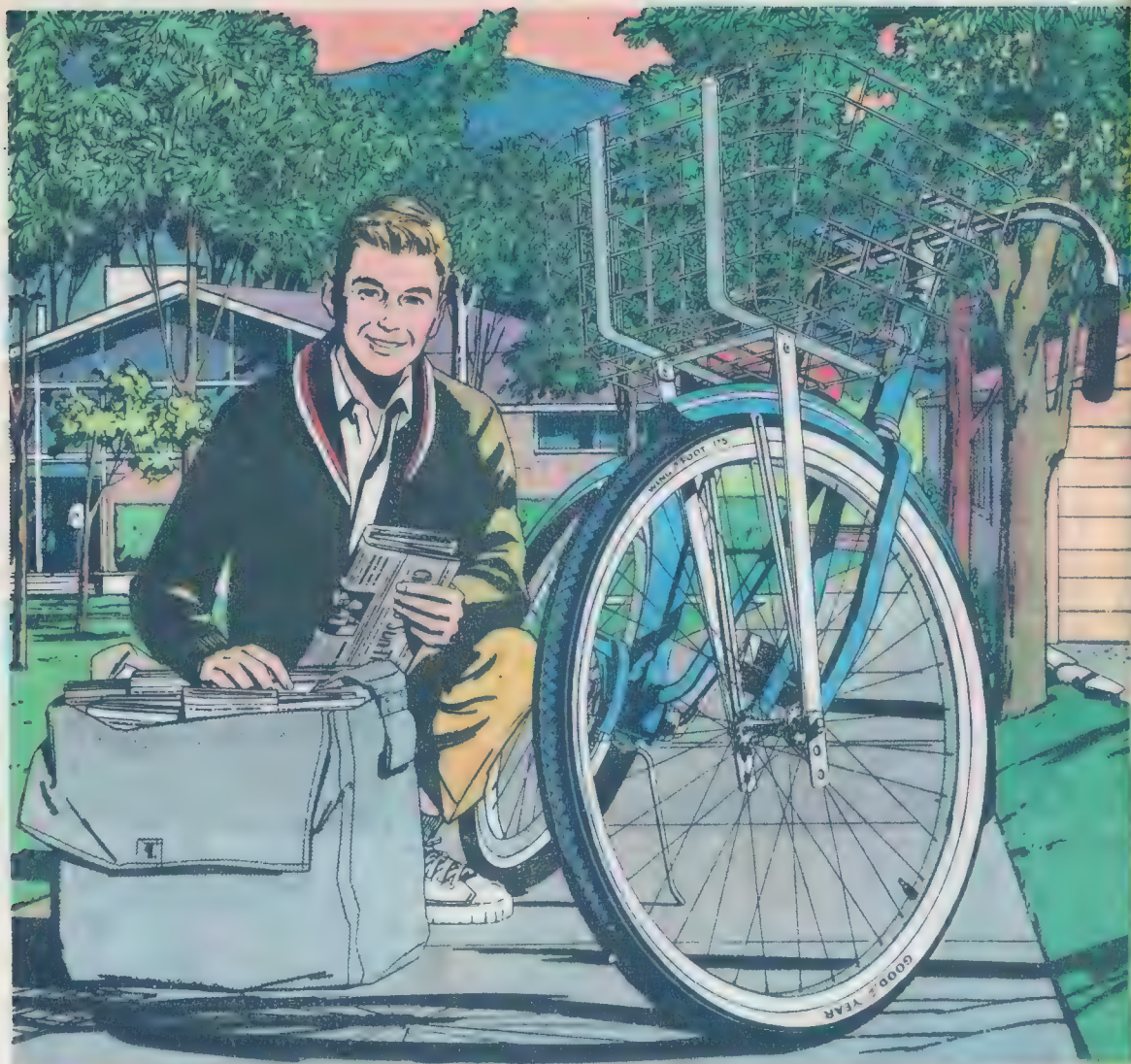
THE
END





THE END





Meet the middleweight champ, the Wingfoot "175." Especially made for middleweight bikes, and toughened with Tufsyn.

Not a patch in a thousand miles

(No wonder new Goodyear Bike Tires with Tufsyn are good news to newsboys)

For their Chicago Sun-Times and Tribune, quite a few people in Villa Park, Ill., depended on Dennis Johnsen. And Dennis depended on his bike to get the papers delivered on time . . . seven days a week.

So to this 14-year-old businessman, tires were mighty important. The Goodyear bike tires he rode on kept him rolling along for eighteen months. And in all that time . . . more than a thousand miles . . . they never had to be patched.

Great as this record is, you're likely to surpass it with the Goodyear bike tires you buy today. Because now they're made with TUF SYN, the same super-tough rubber Goodyear uses in auto tires.

Whether you have a paper route or not, you'll get more out of your bike if it's equipped with Goodyear tires. Let your dealer help you select the Goodyear that's best for your bike. Goodyear, Cycle Tire Dept., Akron, Ohio 44316.

GOODYEAR

More people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind

Tufsyn, Wingfoot—T.M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

HOT STUFF IN OUCH!

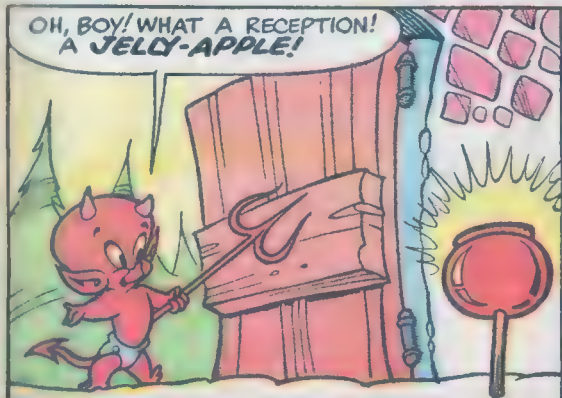
THE LITTLE DEVIL

AND STAY OUT!
CANDYLAND'S NO
PLACE FOR
MISCHIEFMAKERS!

WELL, I'M A MISCHIEFMAKER
AND I'D JUST LIKE TO SEE
ANYONE THROW *ME* OUT!

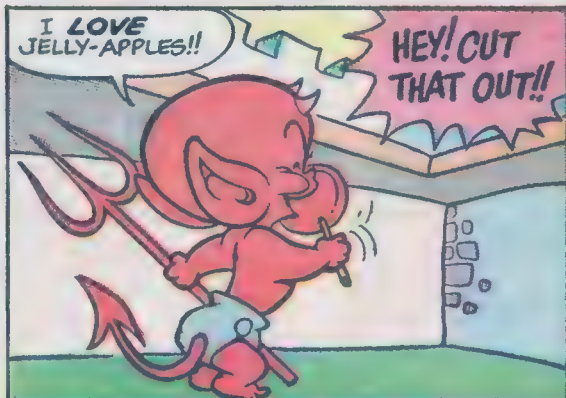


OH, BOY! WHAT A RECEPTION!
A JELLY-APPLE!



I LOVE
JELLY-APPLES!!

HEY! CUT
THAT OUT!!



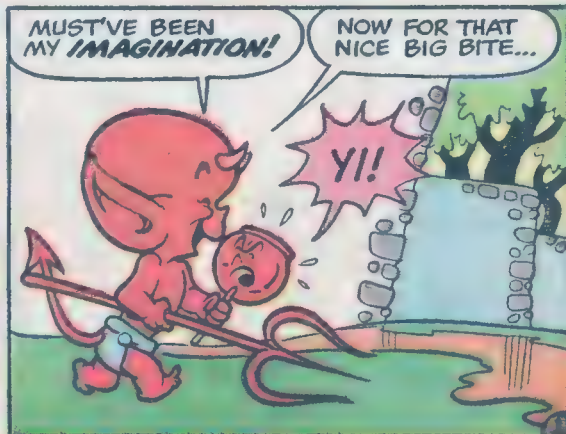
WHO SAID
THAT??

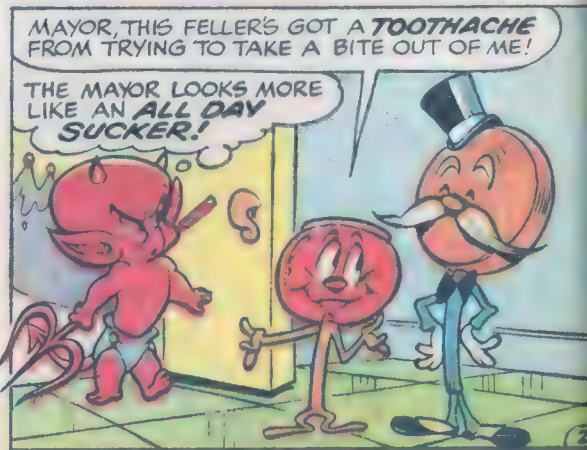
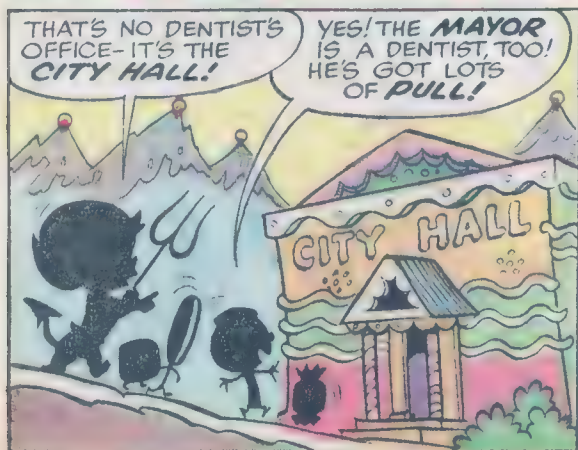
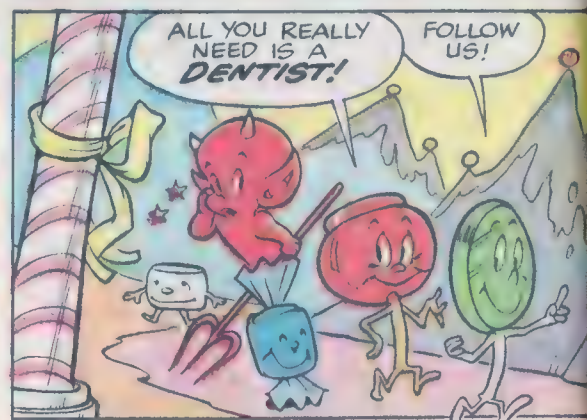
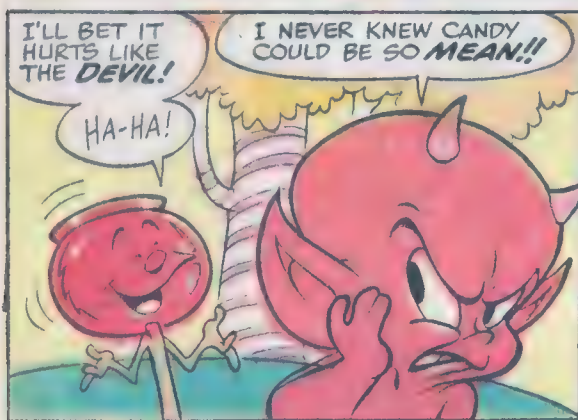
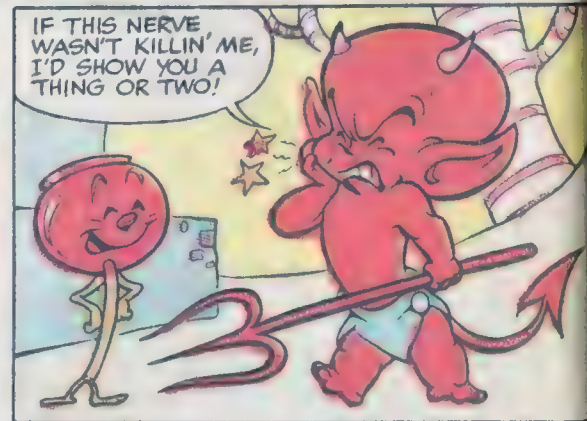
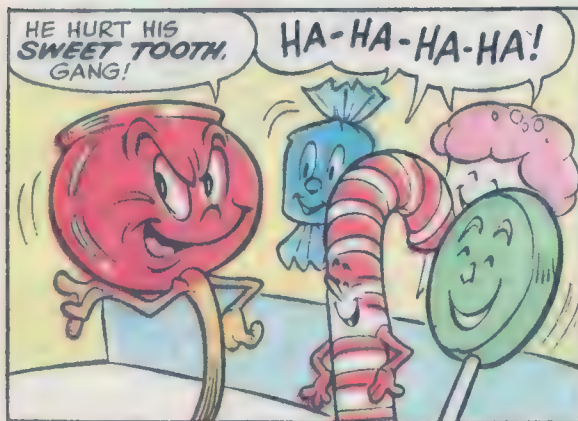
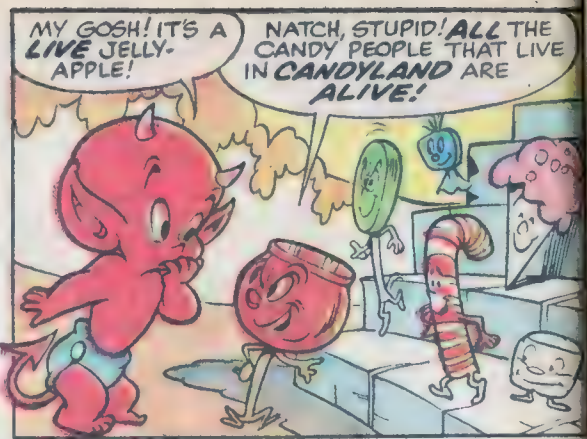
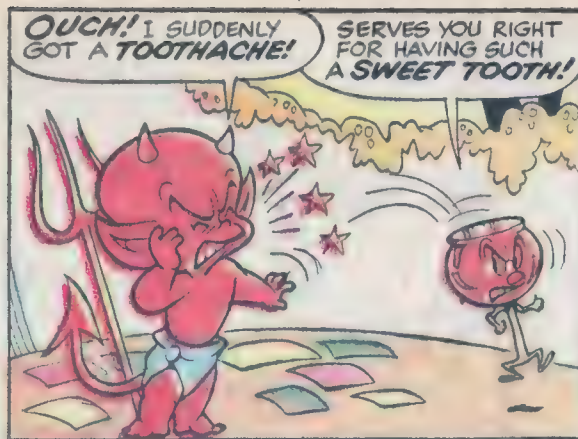
I DON'T *SEE*
ANYBODY!!

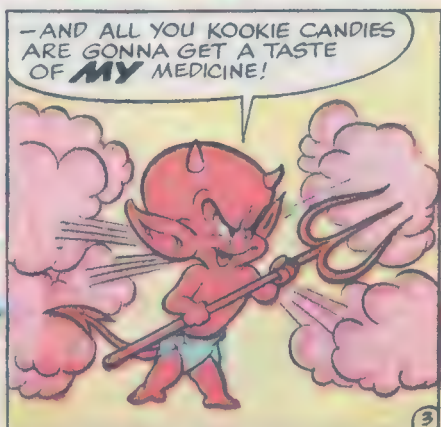
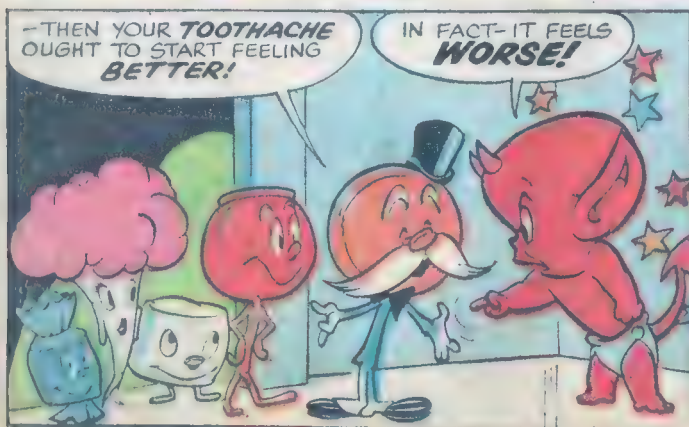
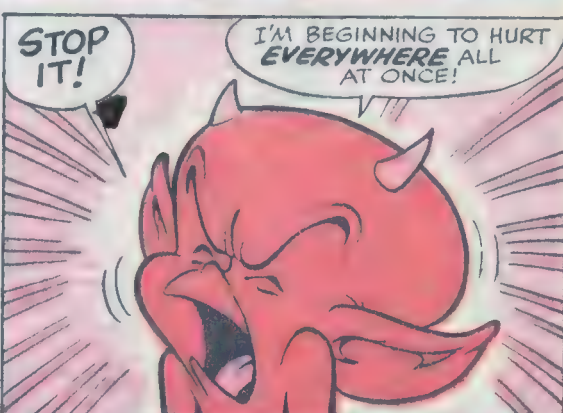
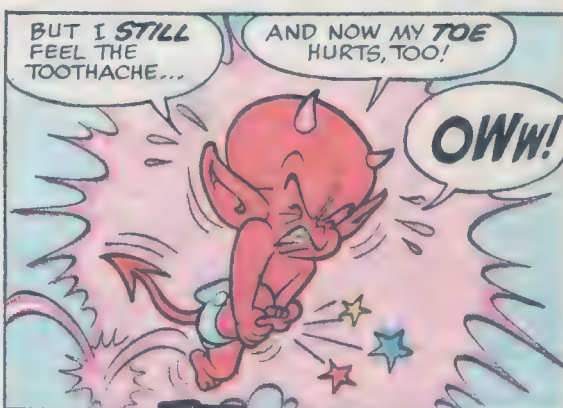
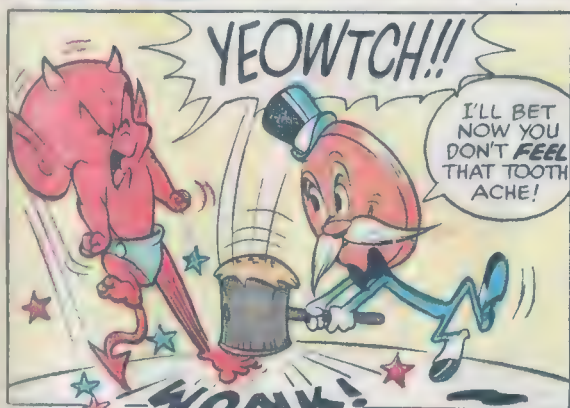
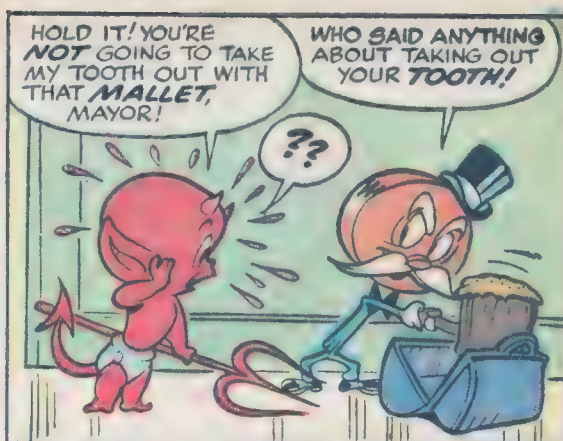
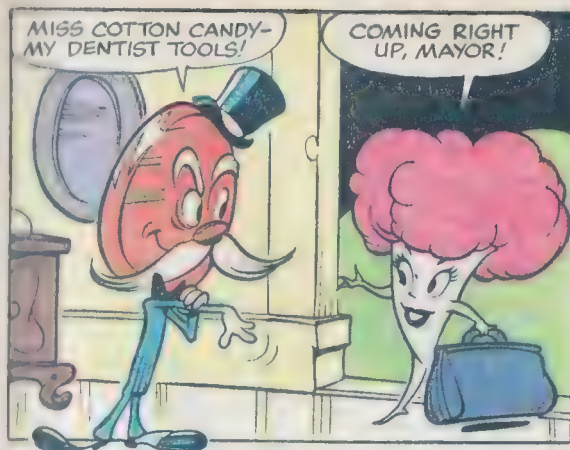


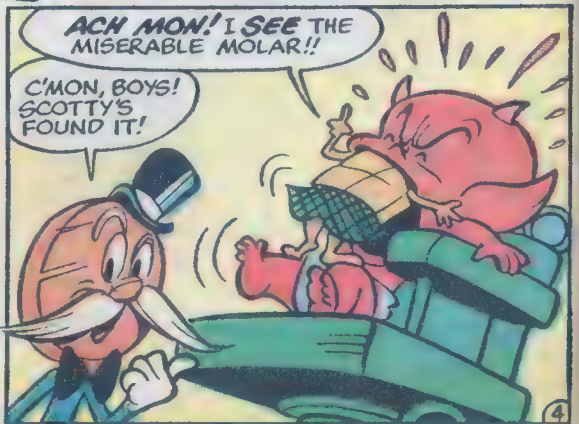
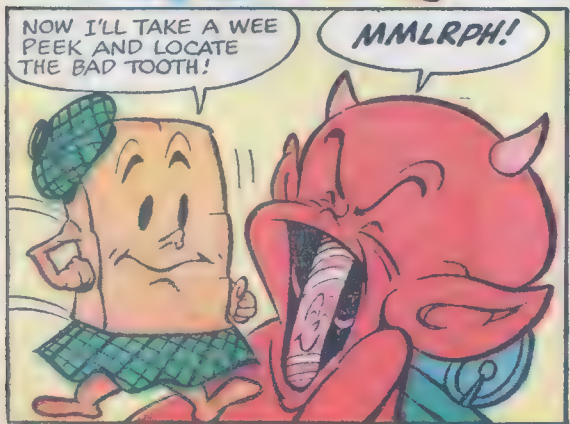
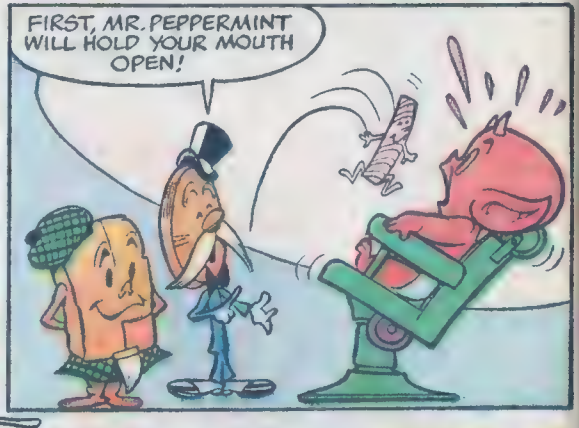
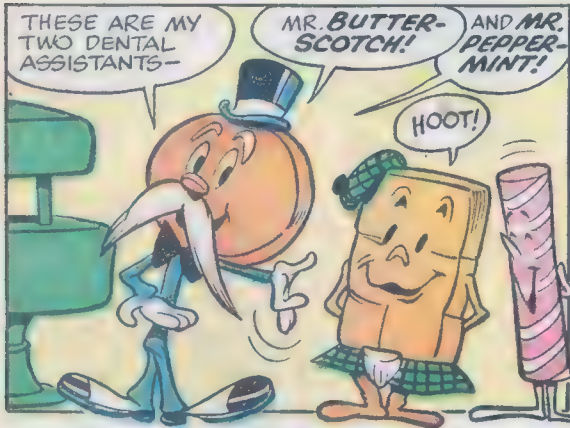
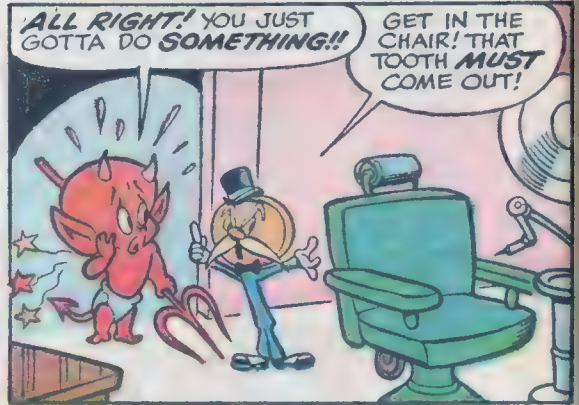
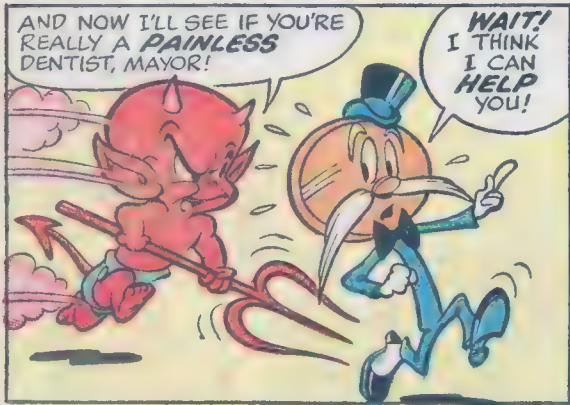
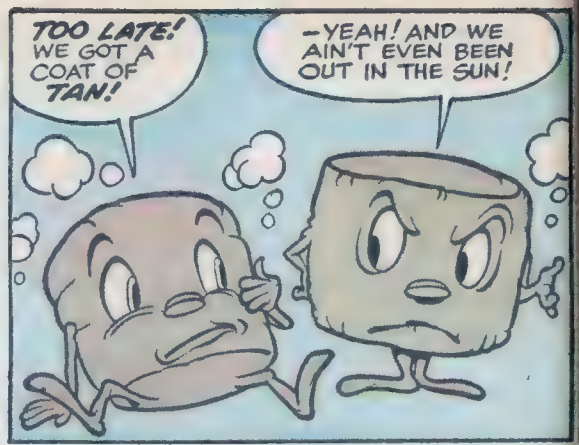
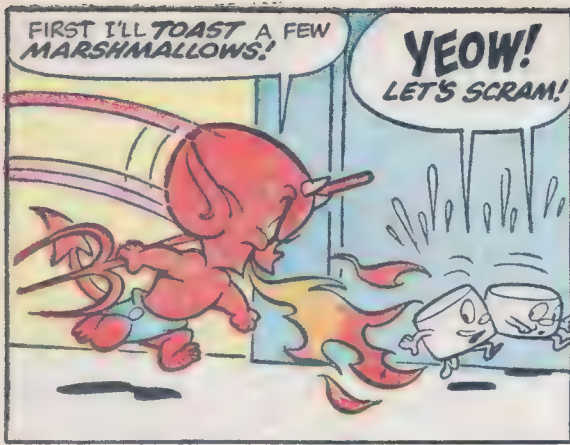
MUST'VE BEEN
MY *IMAGINATION*!

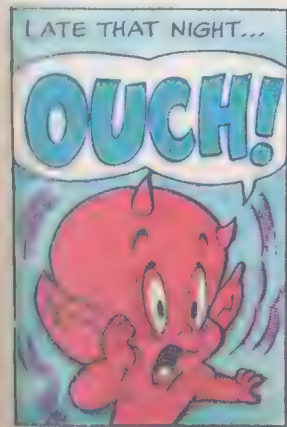
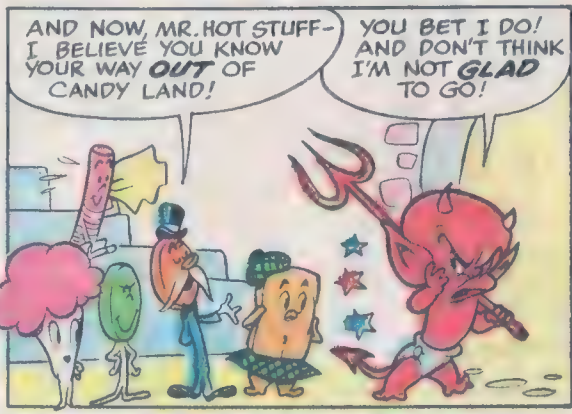
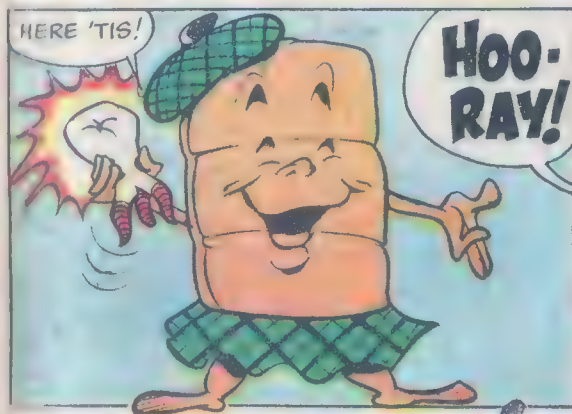
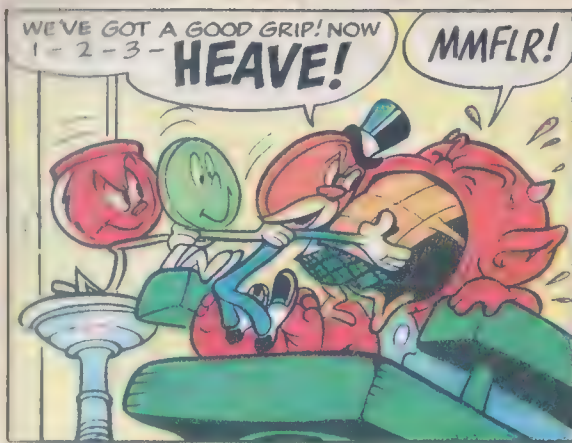
NOW FOR THAT
NICE BIG BITE...

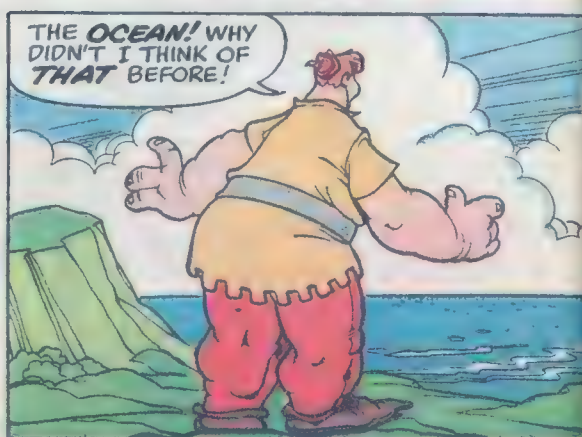
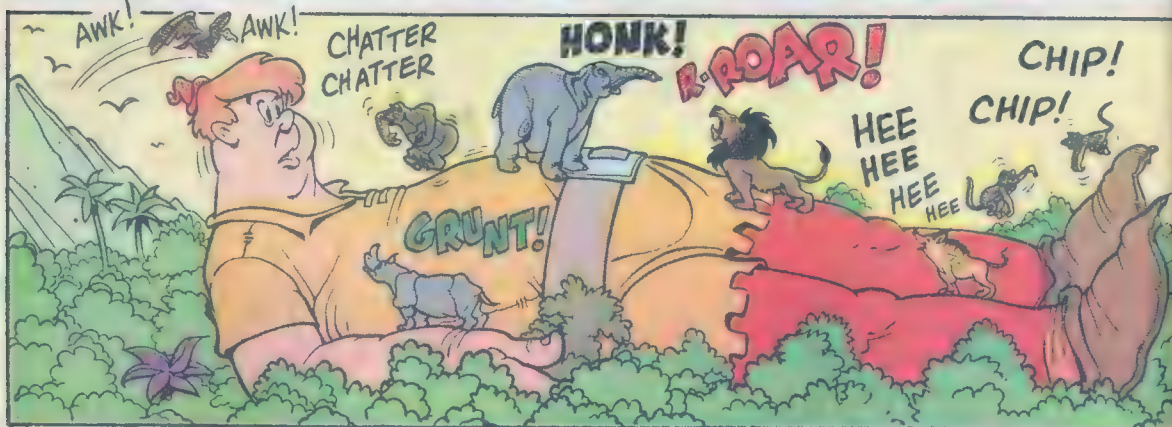
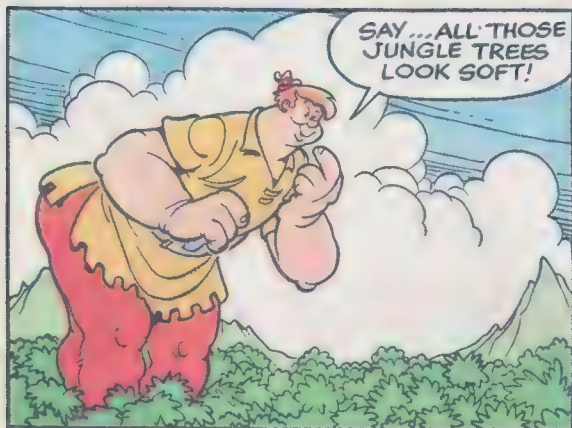
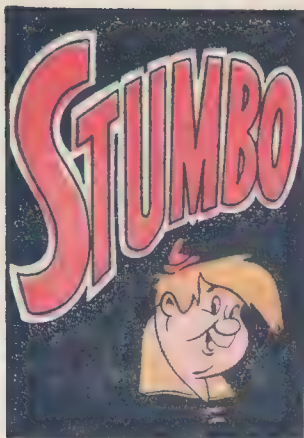


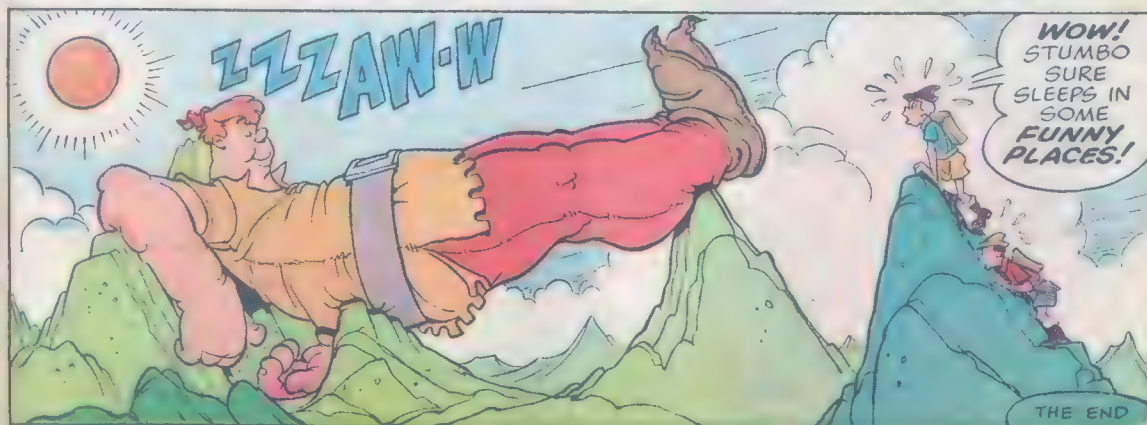
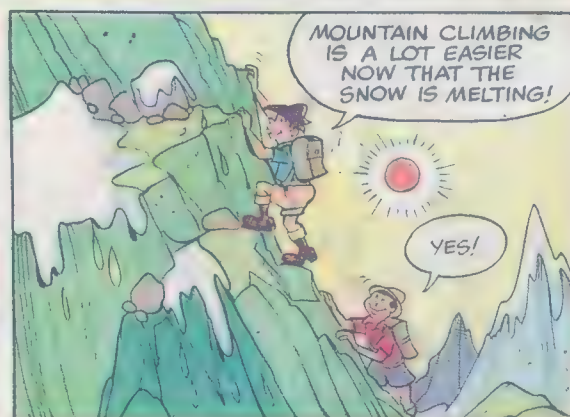
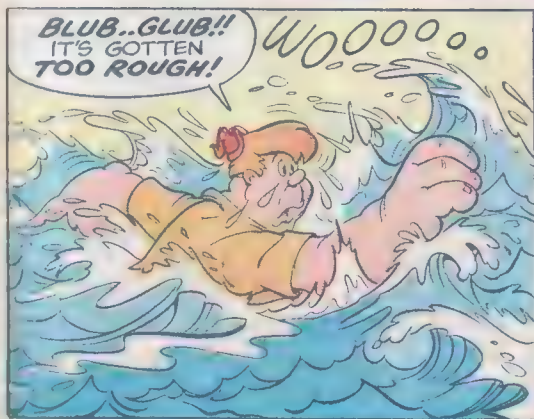
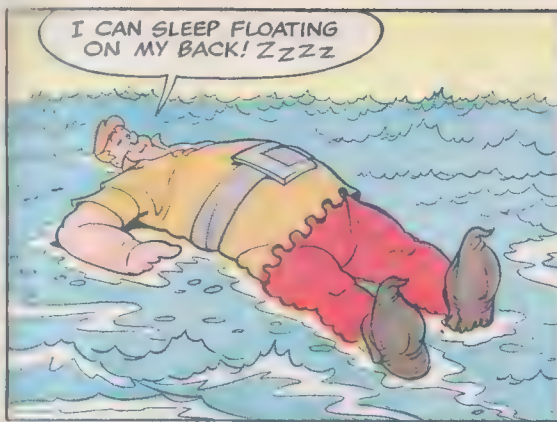












HOT STUFF[®] IN PEOPLE ARE DIFFERENT

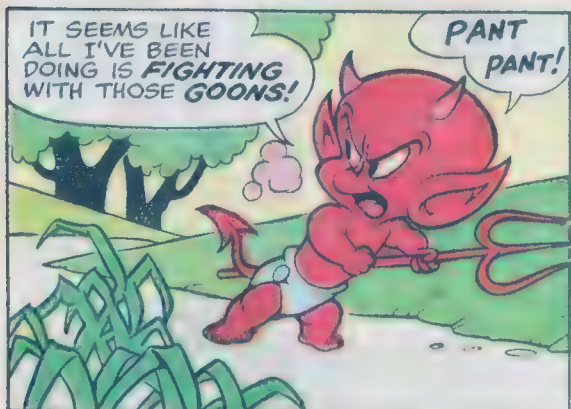
THE LITTLE DEVIL

STOP PICKING ON ME! WHAT A BUNCH OF CREEPS!

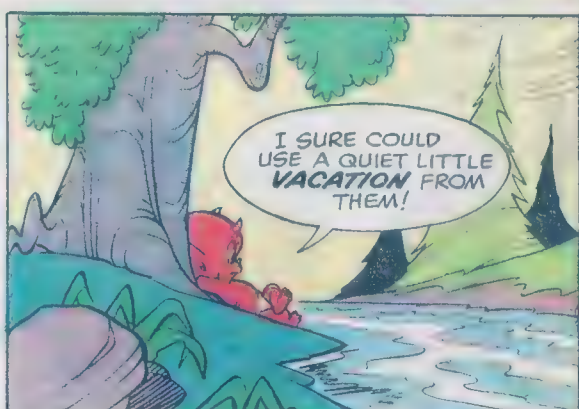


IT SEEMS LIKE ALL I'VE BEEN DOING IS **FIGHTING** WITH THOSE **GOONS**!

PANT PANT!



I SURE COULD USE A QUIET LITTLE **VACATION** FROM THEM!



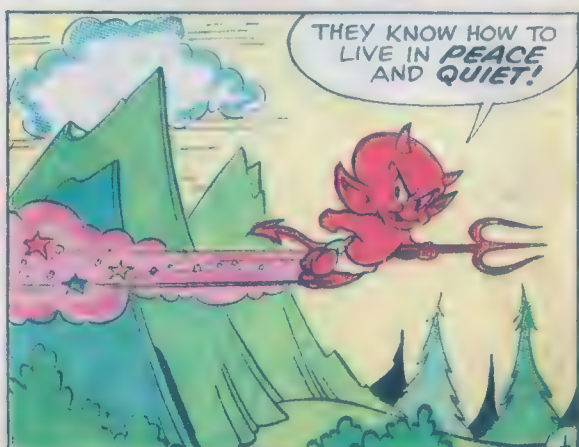
SAY! WHY DON'T I GO TO THE **CITY**?

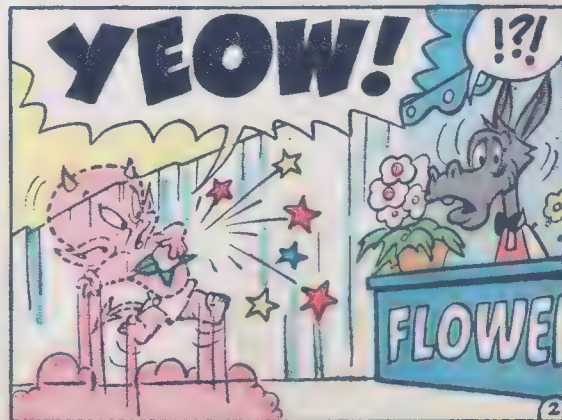
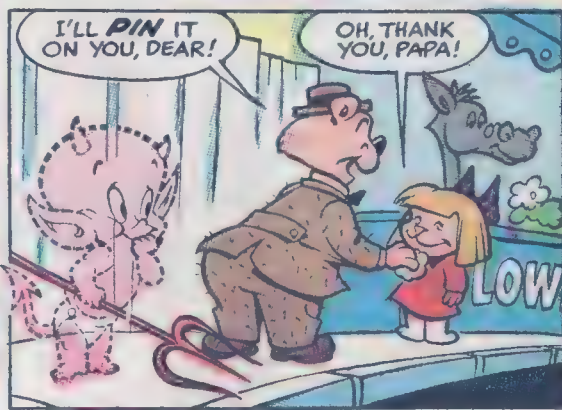
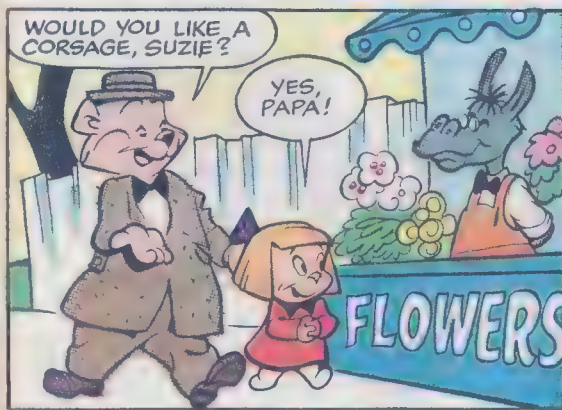
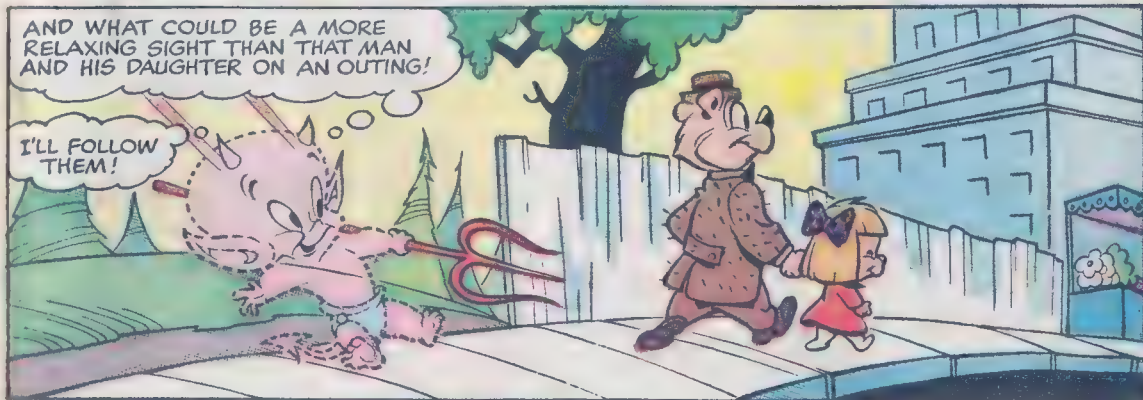
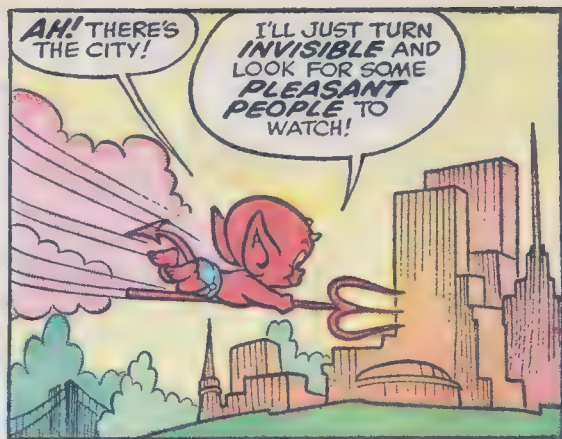
WHERE ALL THE **PEOPLE** LIVE!

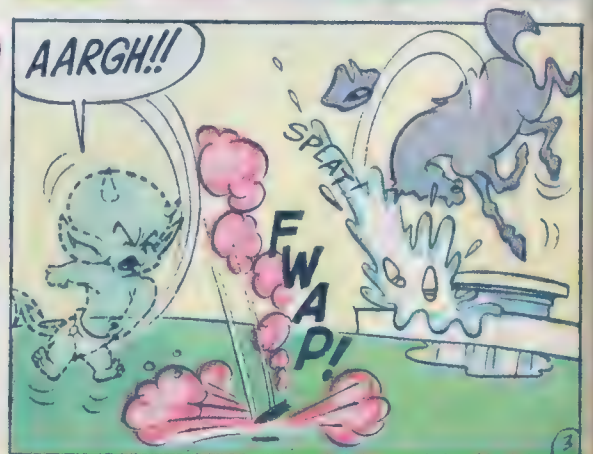
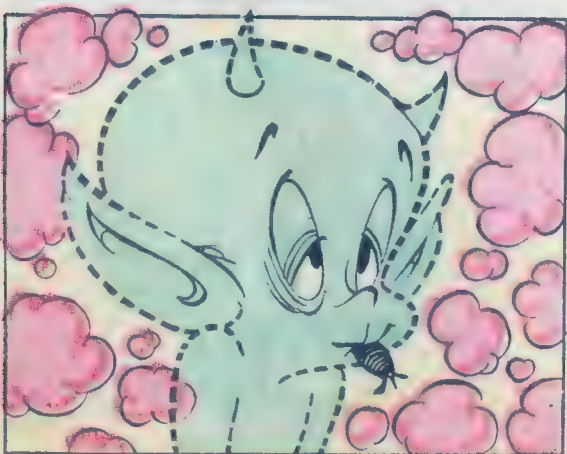
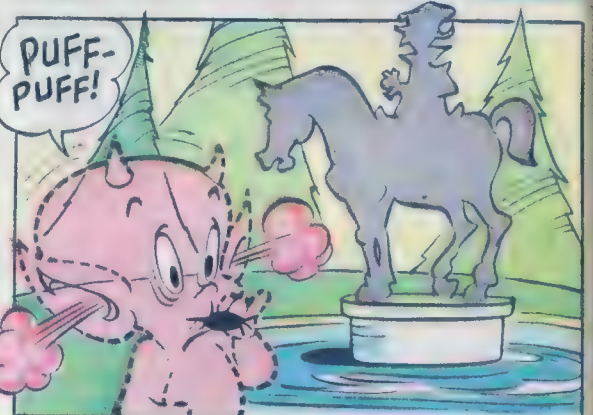
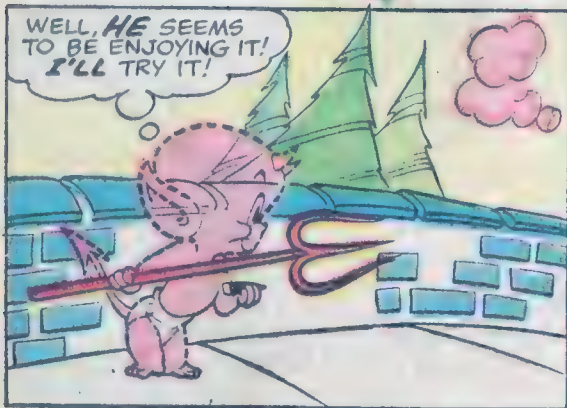
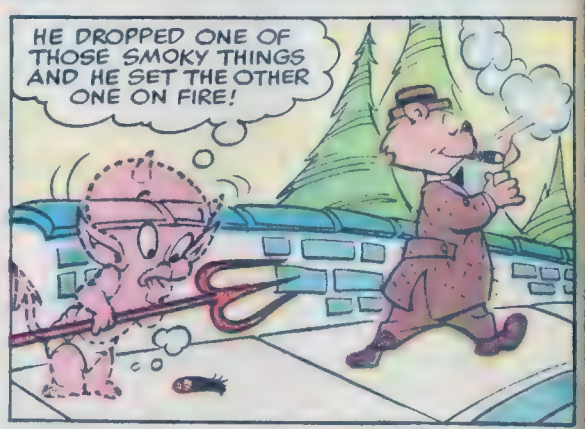
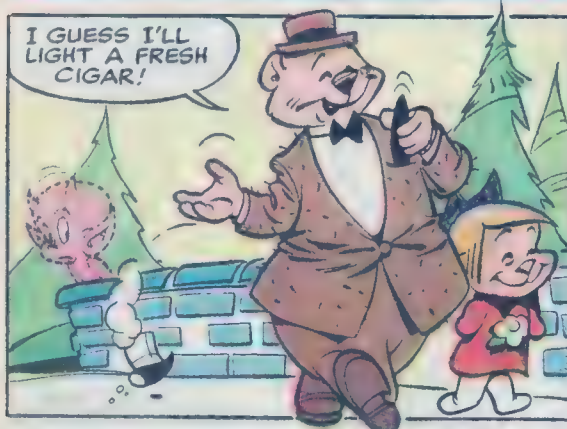
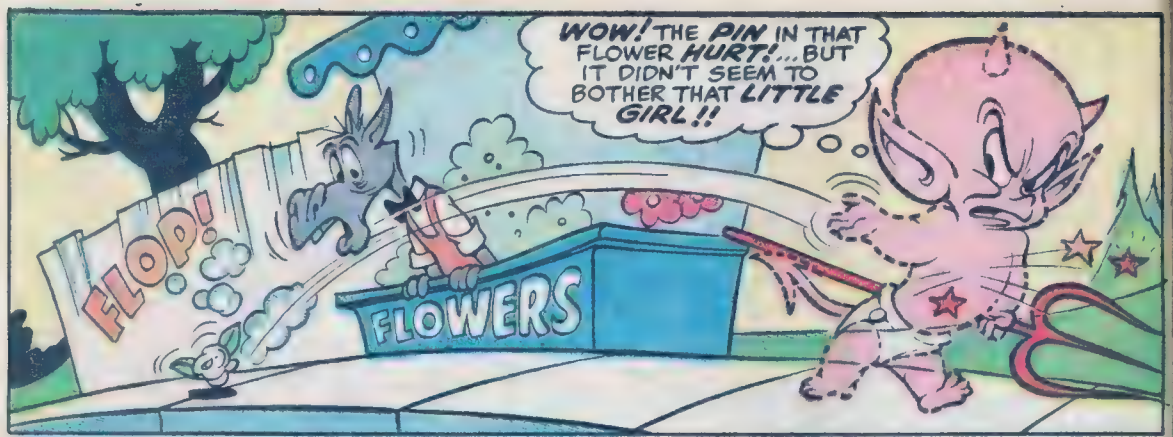
SNAP!

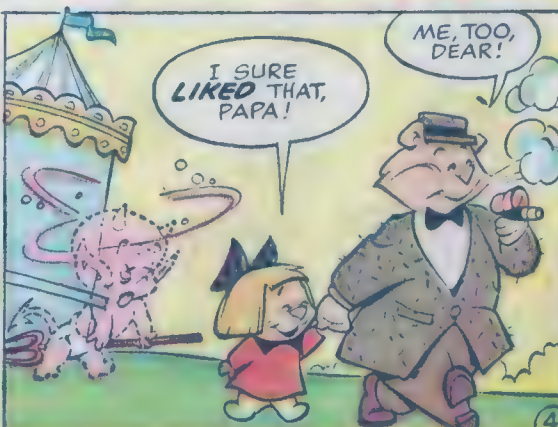
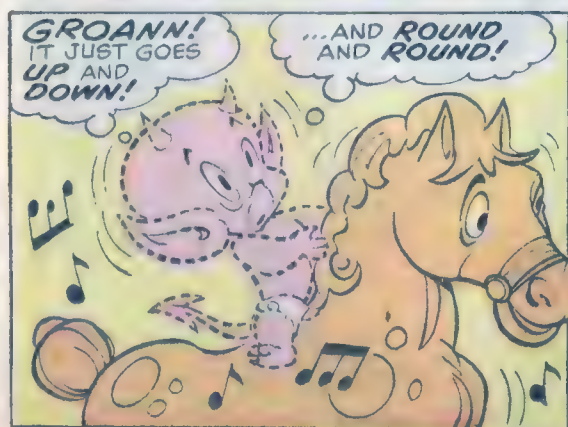
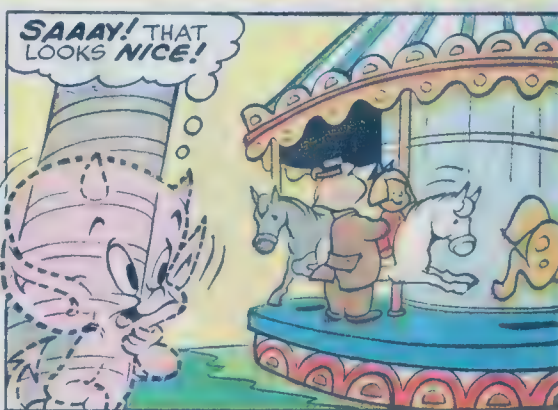
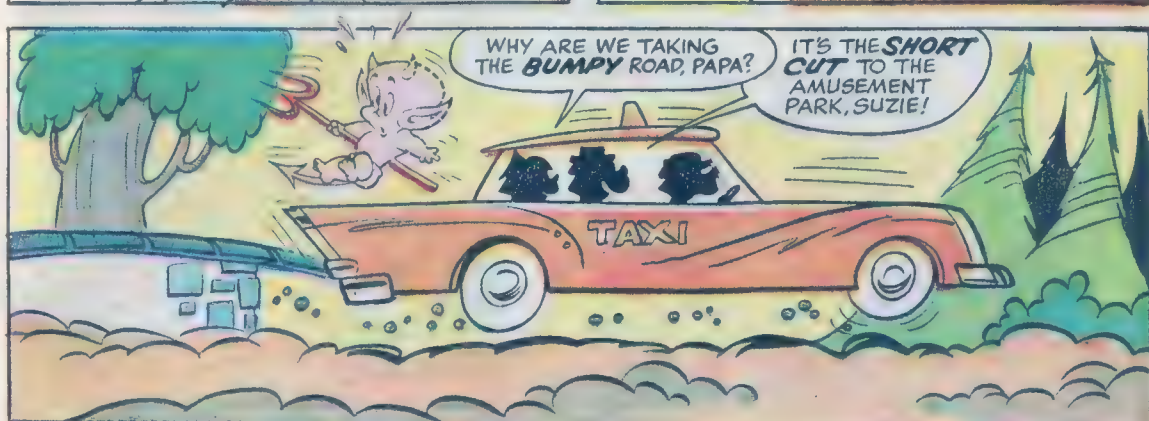
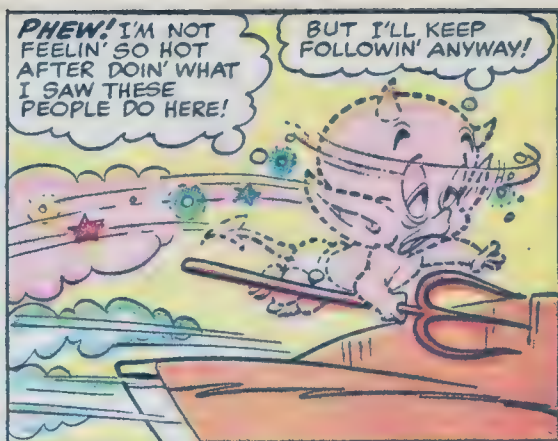
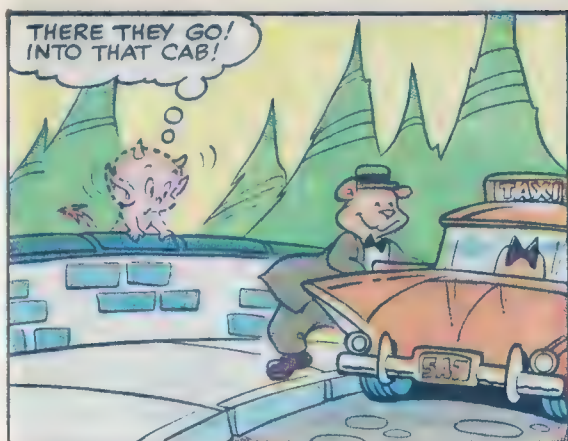


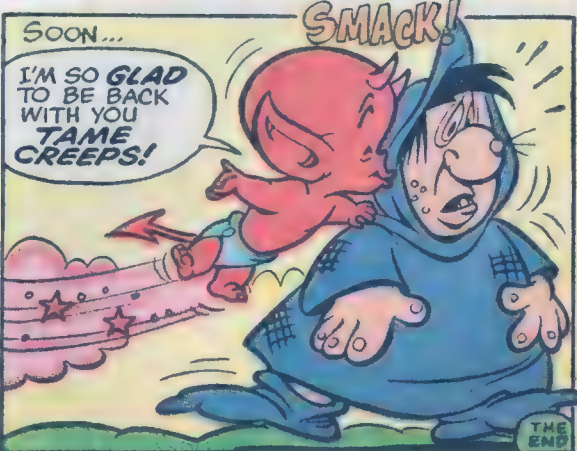
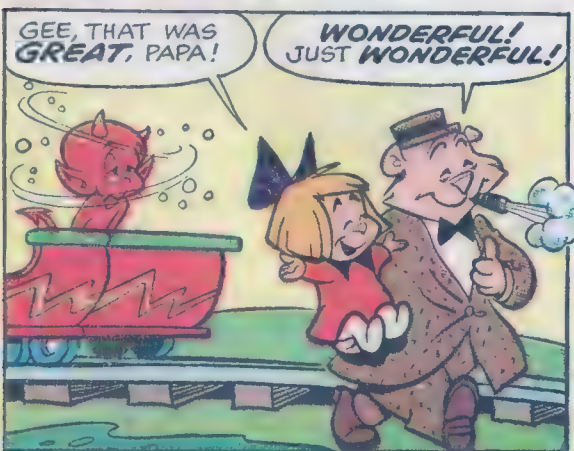
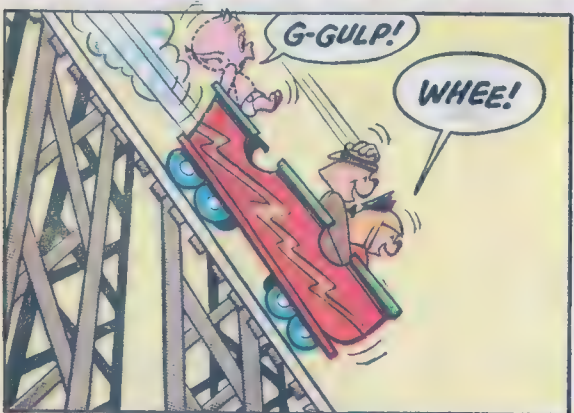
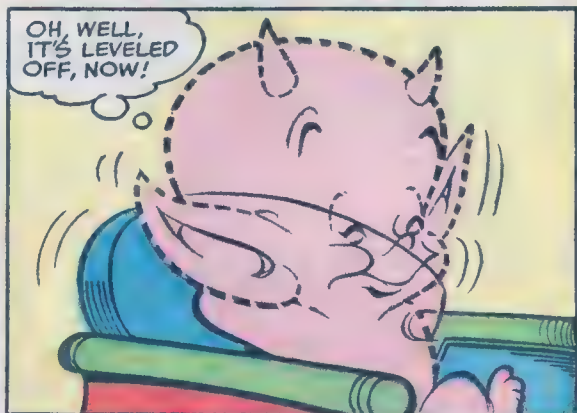
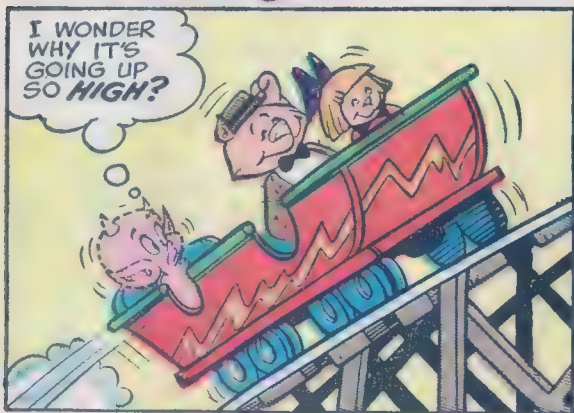
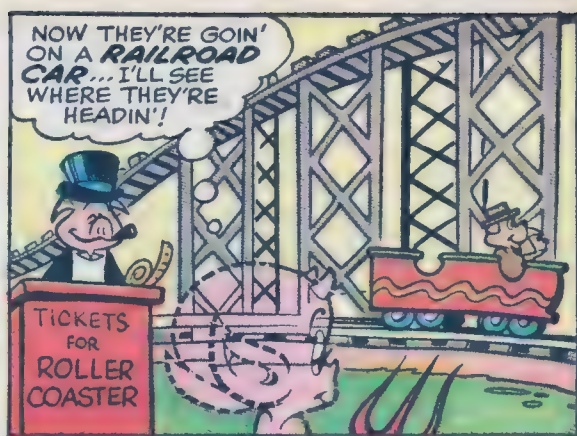
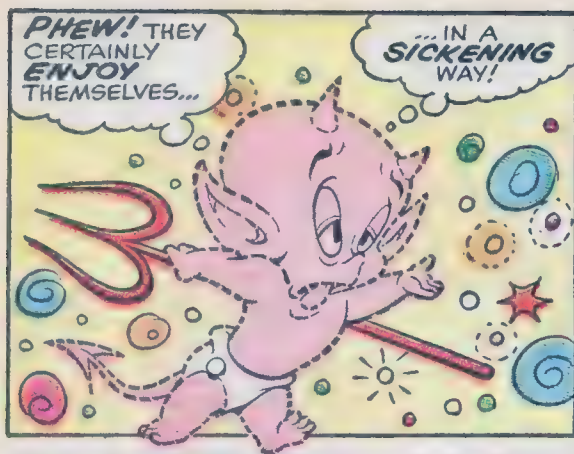
THEY KNOW HOW TO LIVE IN **PEACE** AND **QUIET**!











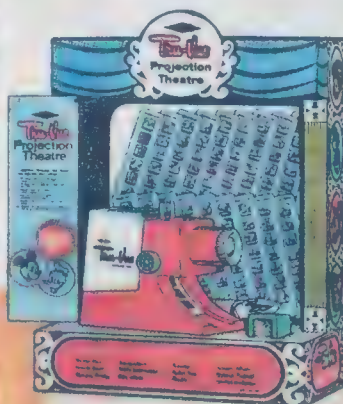


Enjoy "Casper" shows on Tru-Vue Electric Projection Theatre!

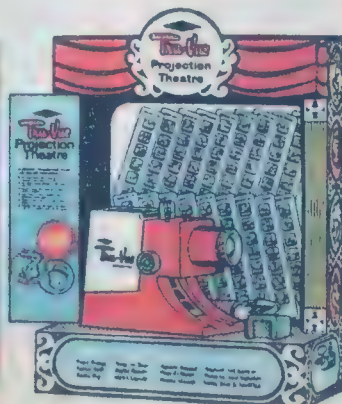
Fun for you and your friends! Project your own Casper stories in full-color big pictures with the Sawyer's electric TRU-VUE Projection Theatre outfit! Safe, U. L. approved projector plugs into household outlet, includes theatre screen and 140 full-color pictures. Other cartoon subjects also available! Exciting picture fun, completely safe, built to last! See quality TRU-VUE at department, drug, variety and toy stores. Complete projector, screen and pictures, less than \$11.



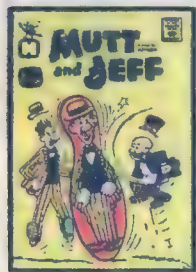
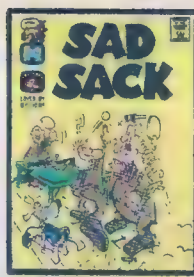
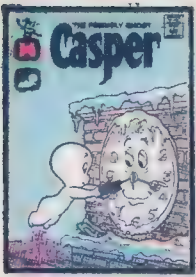
Portland, Oregon 97207



Walt Disney Theatre
©Walt Disney Productions



Bugs Bunny Theatre
©Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc.

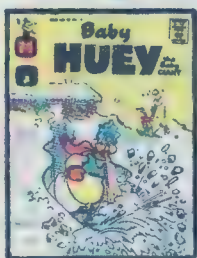
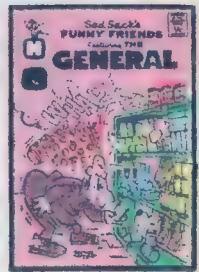
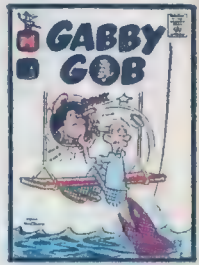
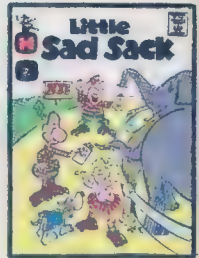


HI, BOYS AND GIRLS
HERE ARE THE
FUNNIEST COMICS
NOW ON SALE
AT YOUR FRIENDLY
DEALER.

LOOK FOR ME
AND ALL MY FRIENDS
IN **CASPER'S
GHOSTLAND...**
...OUR NEW HARVEY
GIANT SIZE COMICS...
YOU'LL LOVE IT!
GET IT TODAY!

**HARVEY
COMICS**

**Casper's
Ghostland**
with all his friends



Lucky Charms

NEW TOASTED OAT CEREAL WITH

MARSHMALLOW
BITS IN
LUCKY SHAPES!

'TIS A CHARMIN' CEREAL...
SIMPLY CHARMIN'



I'M A FRIENDLY
GHOST

Casper

The
Friendly
Ghost

Casper

(The Friendly Ghost)
GE-TAR

THE LOVABLE STAR OF MOVIES, AND
COMIC BOOKS... CASPER - THE FRIENDLY
GHOST - REALLY TALKS! JUST PULL THE
MAGIC RING AND HEAR HIM SAY ONE OF
11 DIFFERENT GHOSTLY SAYINGS - SUCH
AS, "I'M A FRIENDLY GHOST", "I LIKE
YOUOO-O-OOO-O", ETC. YOU NEVER
KNOW WHICH ONE HE'LL SAY NEXT.



TURN THE CRANK
AND IT PLAYS
THE MATTY'S
FUNDAY FUNNIES
TV SONG



ASK FOR THEM AT YOUR STORE

IF IT'S NATTEL IT'S SWELL!

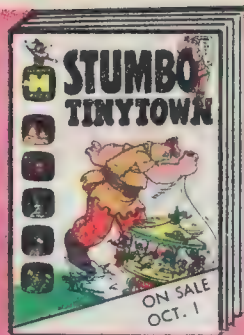
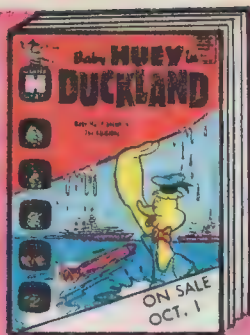
HAVE FUN!

HAVE FUN! — build a complete city with
PLASTICVILLE, U.S.A. the original plastic
village.

The snap-fit easy to assemble items are
available in "O" and "HO" Gauge at your
favorite store.



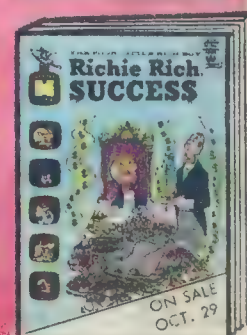
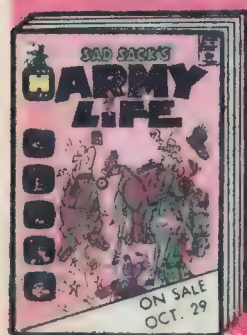
MFG. BY BACHMANN BROS. - EST. 1883 - PHILA. 24, U.S.A.



EVERY ONE DIFFERENT!

MORE STORIES!...
MORE ENTERTAINMENT!
YOU'LL READ THEM ALL,
AND KEEP THEM...
TO READ THEM...
AGAIN AND AGAIN!!

...HURRY! GET YOUR COPIES!



HOT STUFF[®] IN THE THING

THE LITTLE DEVIL

NEVER KNOW
WHAT I MIGHT
FIND IN A PLACE
LIKE THIS!



WONDER
WHAT
THIS IS?



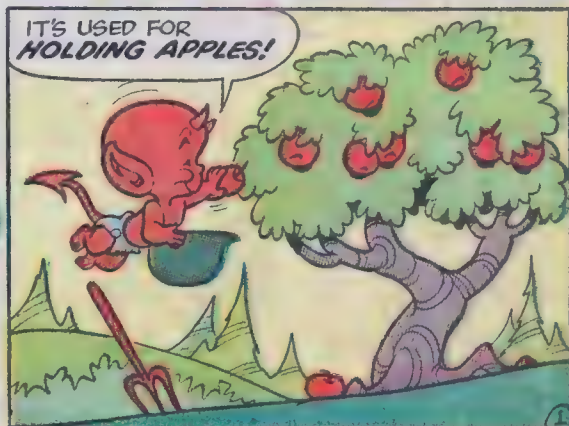
SA-AY! I
KNOW WHAT
IT'S USED FOR!

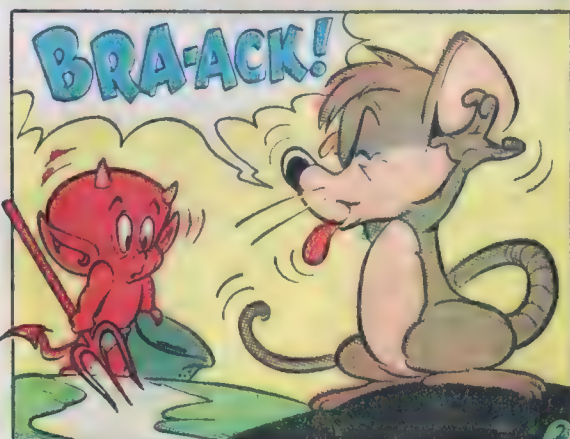
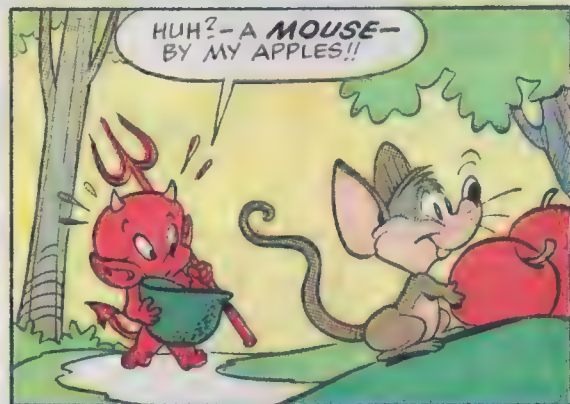
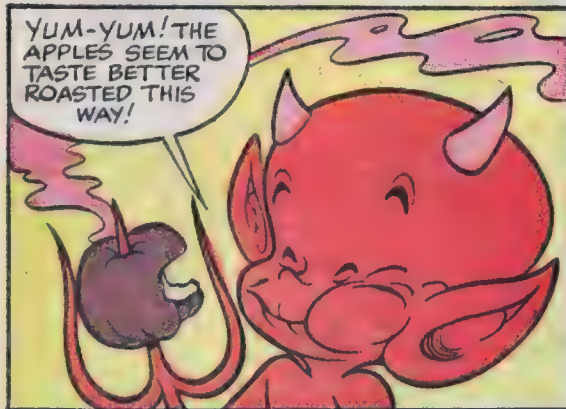


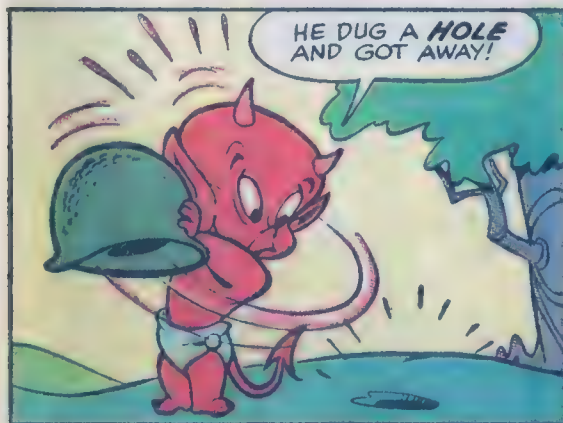
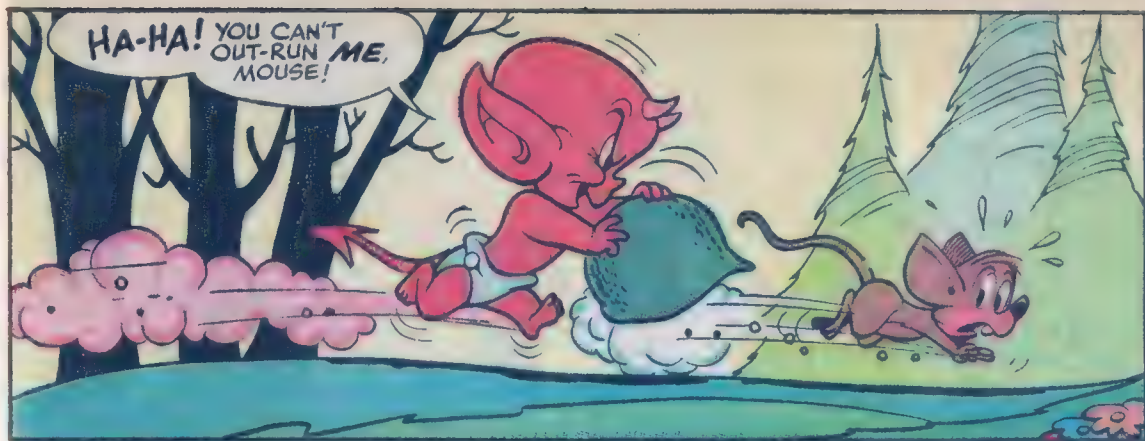
I'M LUCKY
I FOUND IT!

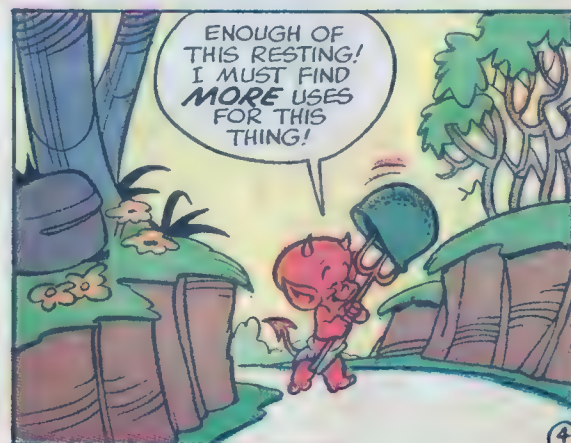
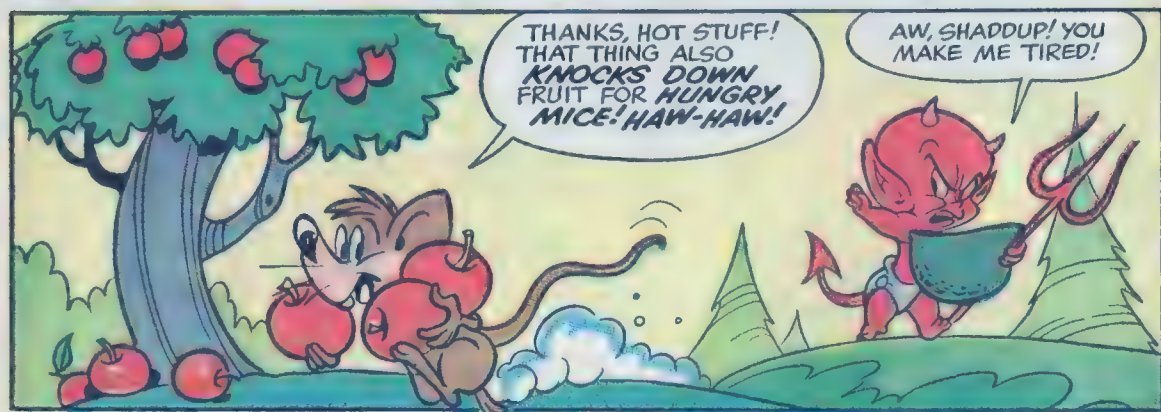
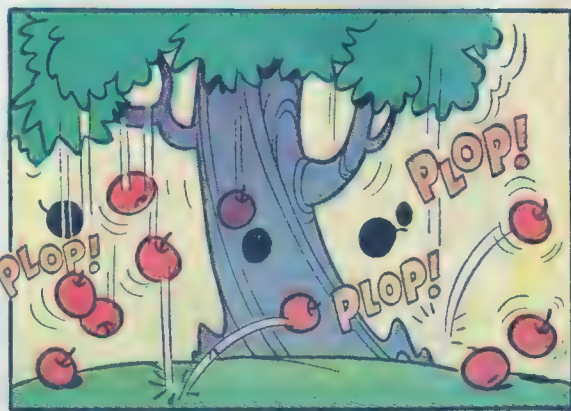
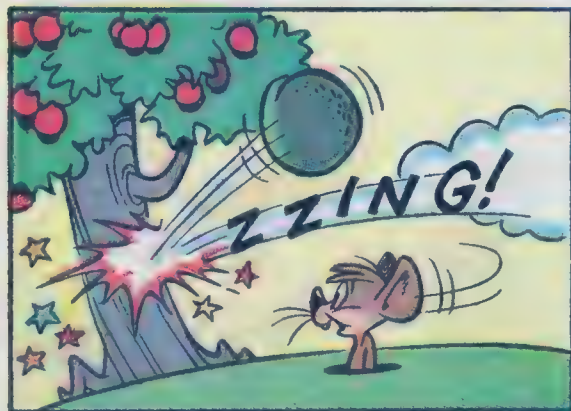
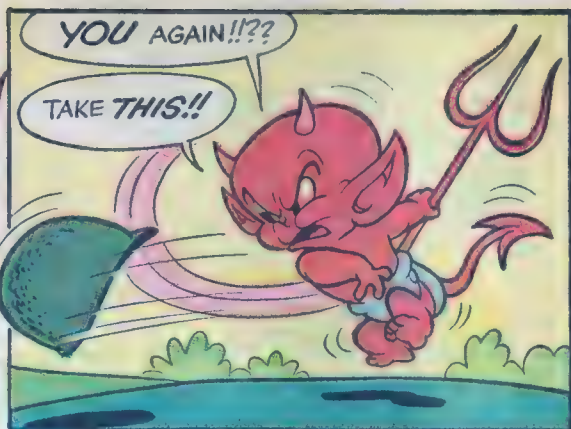
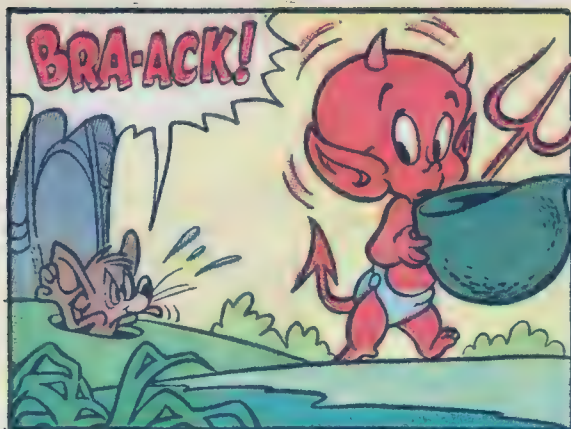


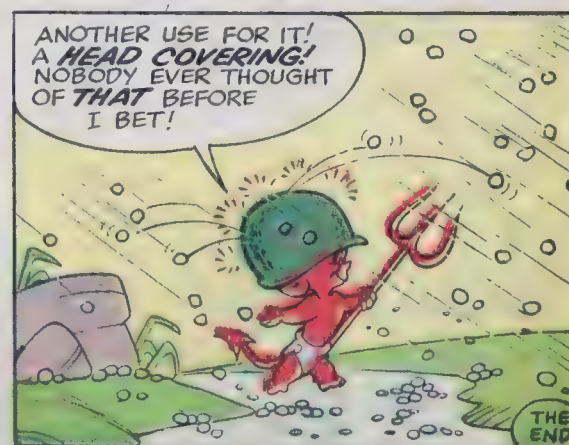
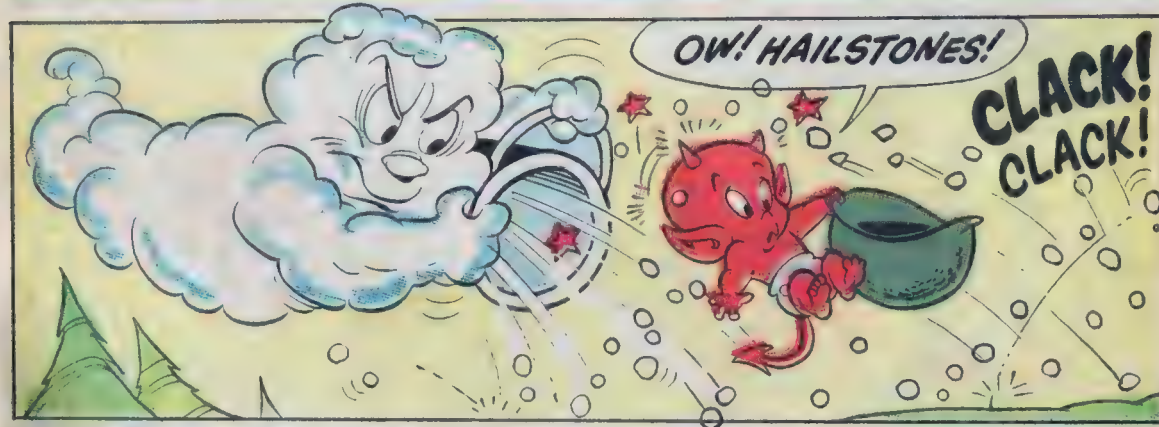
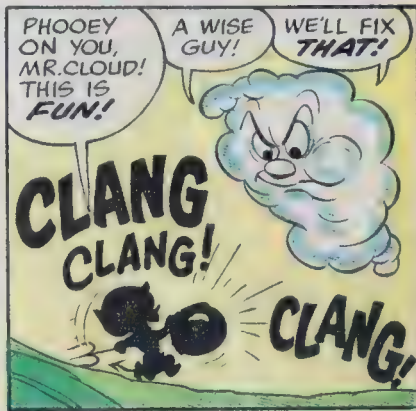
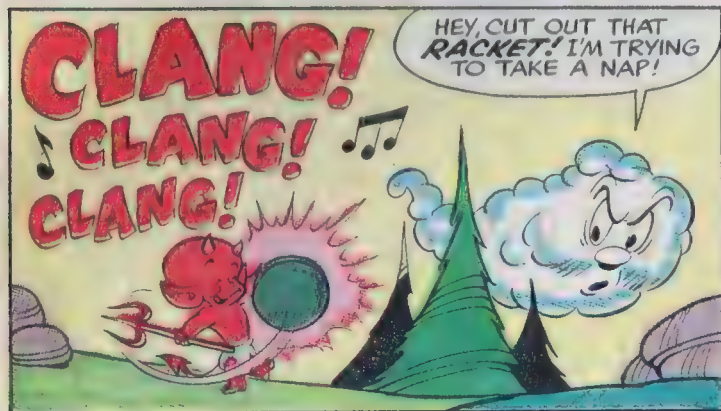
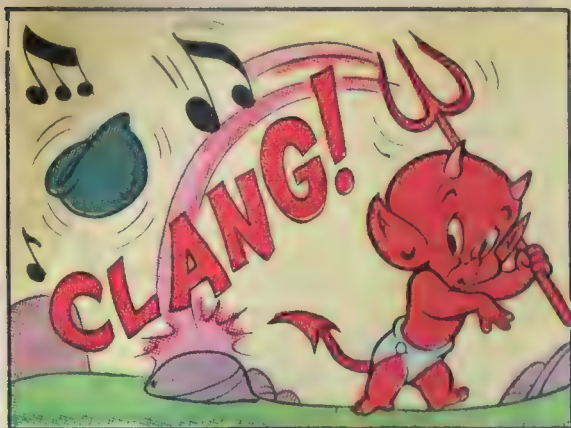
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THE NAME'S THE SAME

It was a beautiful, sunshiny day, and Mary Ellen skipped gaily out of the house to play. Not that the sunshine alone accounted for her gaiety. Mary Ellen was happy and gay even when it rained. And why shouldn't she have been? She had a wonderful mother and a wonderful father, both of whom she dearly loved and who loved her. She lived in a pretty white house on a shady, tree-lined street. She had a sandbox and a bicycle of her own, and several dolls besides. She had lots of nice clothes, plenty of good food, a room all to herself . . . in short, she had anything and everything that would make a little girl happy. Small wonder that she hummed a lilting little tune to herself that bright spring day.

Then she caught sight of another child, a girl about her own age, and she stopped humming abruptly. The girl was just standing there, staring, and saying nothing.

"Hello," Mary Ellen said a bit uncertainly. "You must be new in the neighborhood. What's your name?"

"We just moved in to our new house yesterday," the other girl replied. "It's right down this block. My name is Mary Ellen."

"Don't be silly!" gasped Mary Ellen. "I'M Mary Ellen!"

"How can YOU be Mary Ellen," argued the other, "when I'M Mary Ellen? I don't think your joke is a bit funny!"

"Joke? What joke?" Mary Ellen demanded. "I tell you I'M Mary Ellen McKay!"

"Well, I'M Mary Ellen Logan!" the new girl announced defiantly. "I guess I ought to know my own name!"

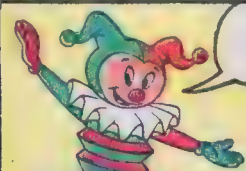
"You ought to, but you don't!" snapped Mary Ellen, thoroughly out of patience now. "Goodbye!" And turning on her heel, she stormed back up the walk to her house and slammed the door behind her when she went in.

"What's the matter, dear?" her mother asked, catching sight of her angry face. "Is something wrong?"

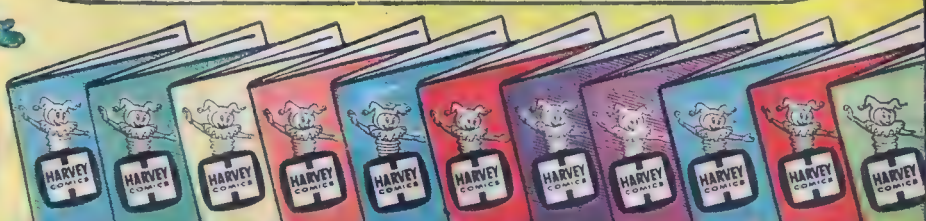
"Oh, Mother!" Suddenly, Mary Ellen's lips began to tremble, and tears welled up in her eyes. "Some little girl is trying to be me!" she wailed, burying her face in her mother's shoulder. And then the whole story came pouring out.

Mrs. McKay didn't laugh out loud, but her eyes were dancing with fun as she pulled her daughter on to her lap. "Look, dear," she explained carefully, "the little girl was telling you the truth. Lots of people have the same name, but they're still different people. You're Mary Ellen McKAY, and she's Mary Ellen LOGAN, so you're two different Mary Ellens. See?"

Mary Ellen did see then, and suddenly she began to giggle. "She'll have to call me McKay, and I'll call her Logan, or we're going to get awfully mixed-up!" she laughed. "In fact, I think I'll go tell her that right now!" And still giggling, she wriggled off her mother's lap and hurried outside where she knew she was about to make a brand-new friend!



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the **HERO**

This was Tommy's big day. His baseball team, the Wildcats, were playing their most important game of the season, and Glenda, Tommy's new girl friend, was sitting on the side watching the game.

The teams were warming up and Tommy proudly protected his territory in left field. Every now and then, he'd take a quick look behind third base where Glenda was sitting. She clapped loudly at every catch Tommy made, and this made him feel even prouder.

But then it was time for . . .

"Play ball!"

The opposing team, the Rangers, were first to bat and they went out without getting a hit.

The Wildcats had a man on third with two out when Tommy came in to bat. He struck out on three pitches, and wouldn't dare look Glenda's way.

The game went without anyone scoring for six innings. During that time, Tommy caught five fly balls. Each time he returned the ball to the infield, he glanced at Glenda. She was always smiling.

But Tommy also came to bat twice more. One time he popped the ball to the shortstop. The second time, with the bases loaded, Tommy struck out again. No, he couldn't look at Glenda then.

The Rangers scored two runs in the top of the seventh inning. But the Wildcats tied the score in their half. Tommy didn't get to bat that inning, and was very glad for it.

"I'm really humiliated," Tommy told himself as he fielded his position in the eighth inning. "She must be ashamed of me today. Oh, why did I have to ask her to watch me play!"

He got his last chance to bat in the ninth inning, and he had his chance to be a hero. The bases were loaded with one out when he stepped up to the plate. All he had to do was knock in the run in any way and the game would be over.

But Tommy received only three pitches. He swung at all of them, and hit only air. This sure was the end.

He was so disgusted he didn't even realize the man from third had stolen home on the last pitch. It was minutes later, when he woke up to the happy shouting, that he found out the Wildcats had won, 3-2.

But even that didn't make him feel happy. There was still Glenda to contend with, and she was at his side now.

"Oh, Tommy," she was shouting. "I was so proud of you today. You made my first baseball game a thrilling experience. To think, you were so good that you didn't have to make a fool of yourself running around those bases. All you had to do was swing!"

Tommy gave a surprised smile, and never said a word. This was no time to argue.

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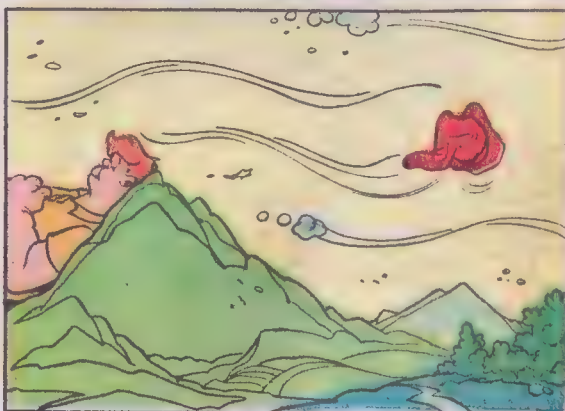
STUMBO The Giant IN THE WANDERING HAT

ZZZZZZZZ

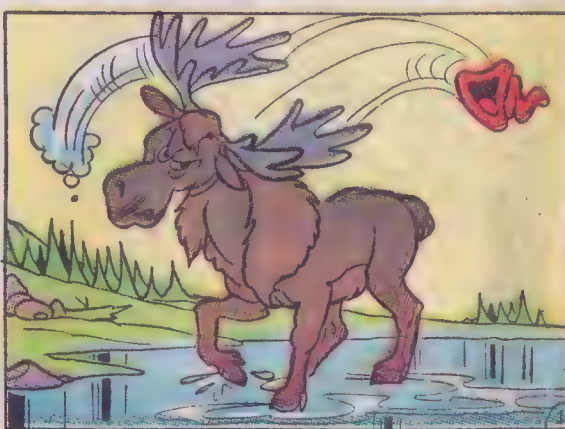
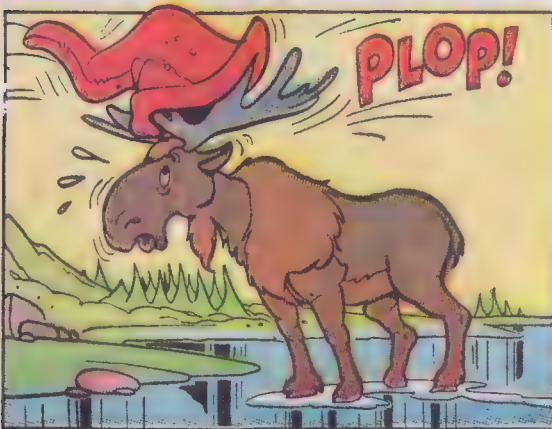
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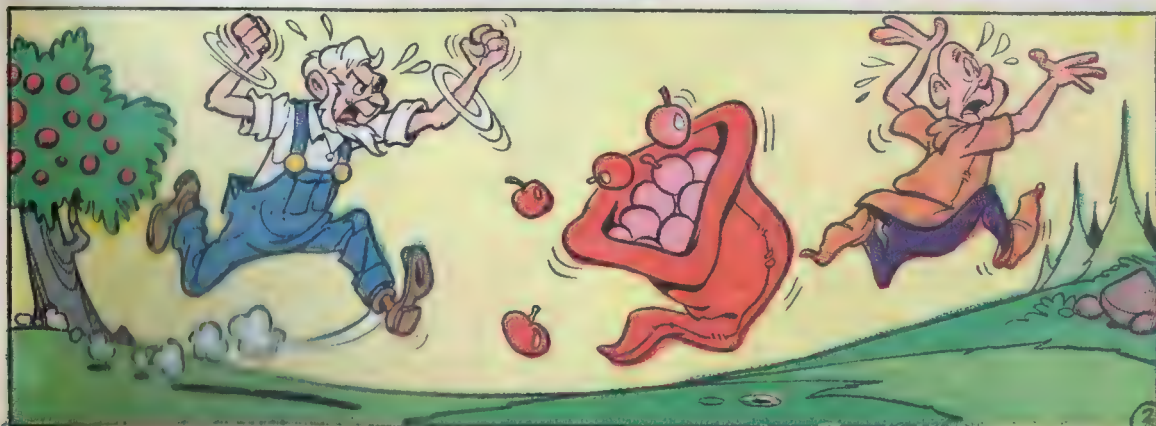
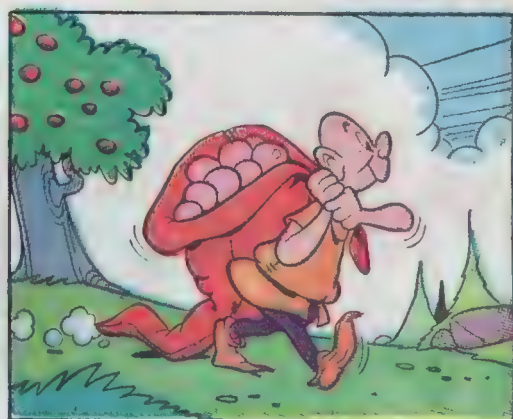
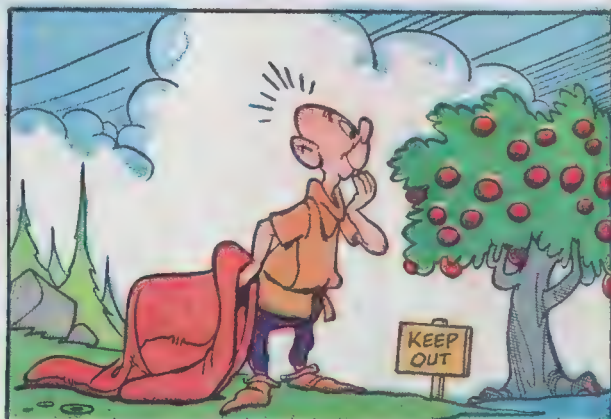
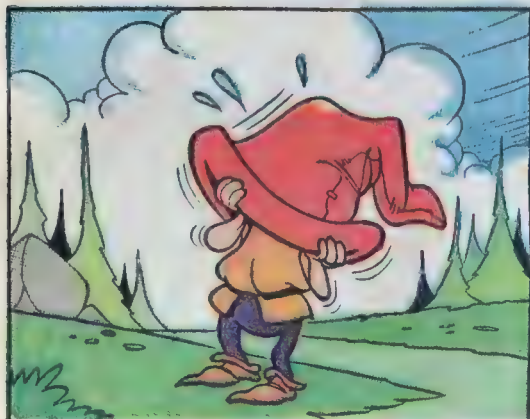
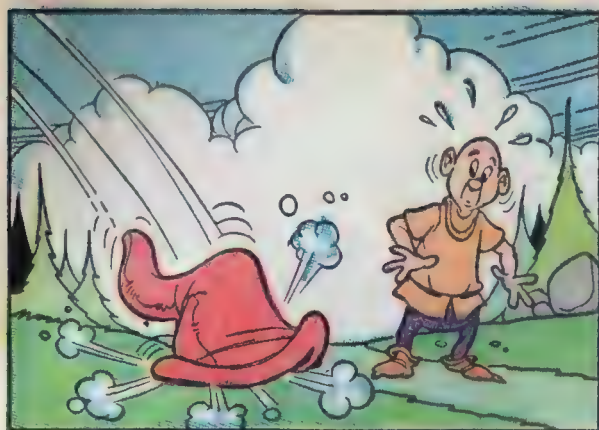


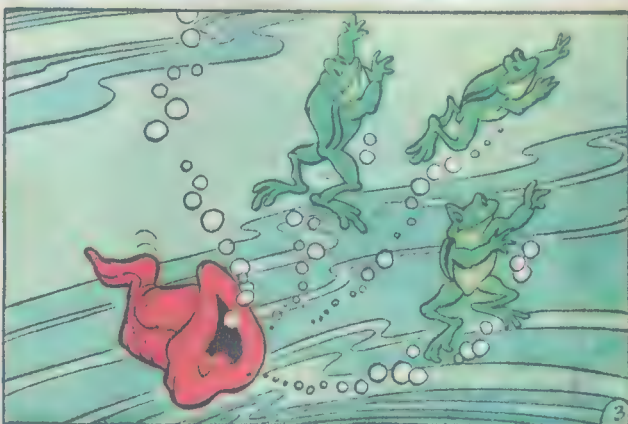
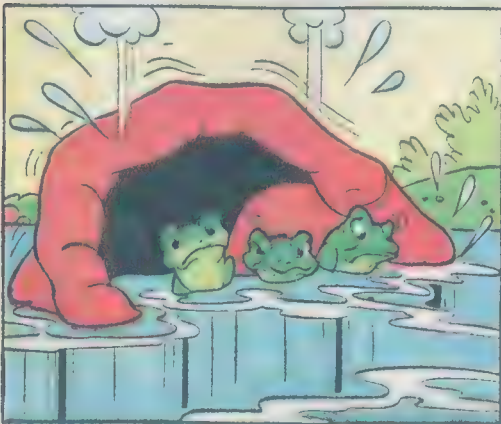
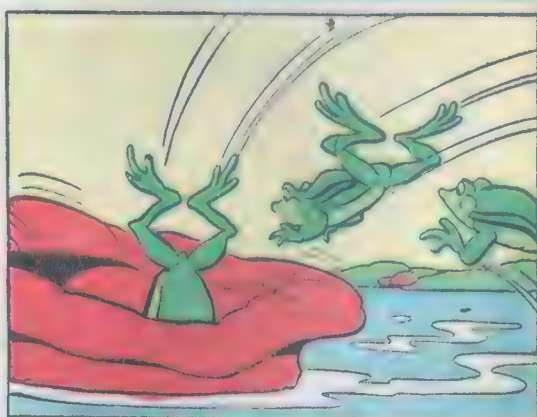
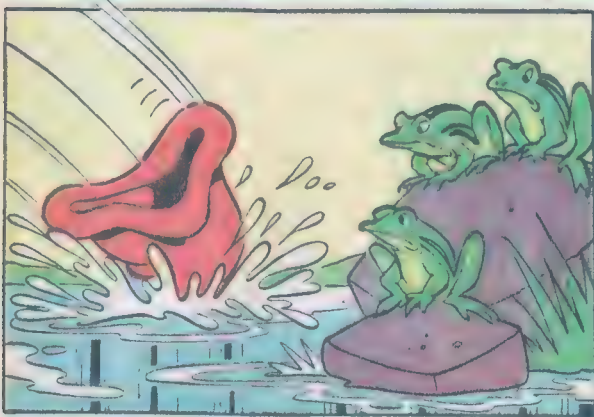
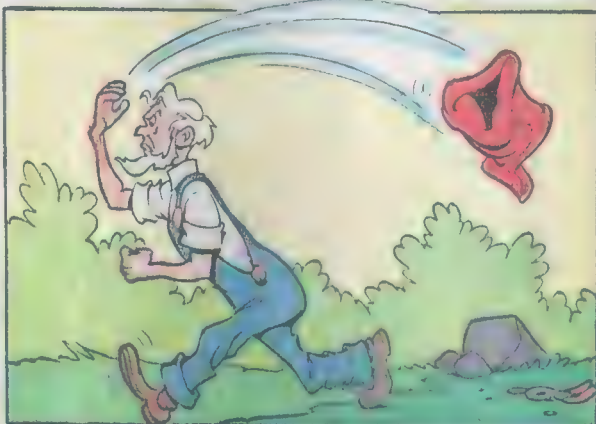
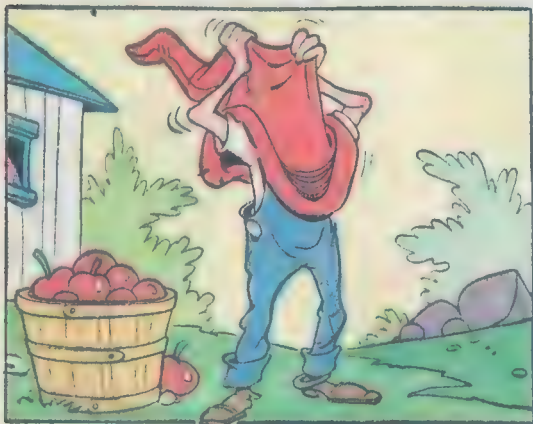
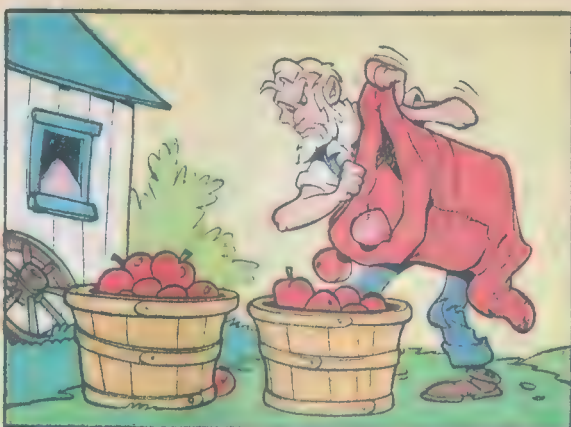
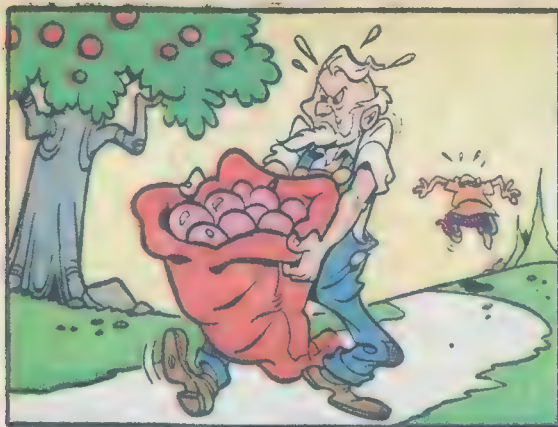
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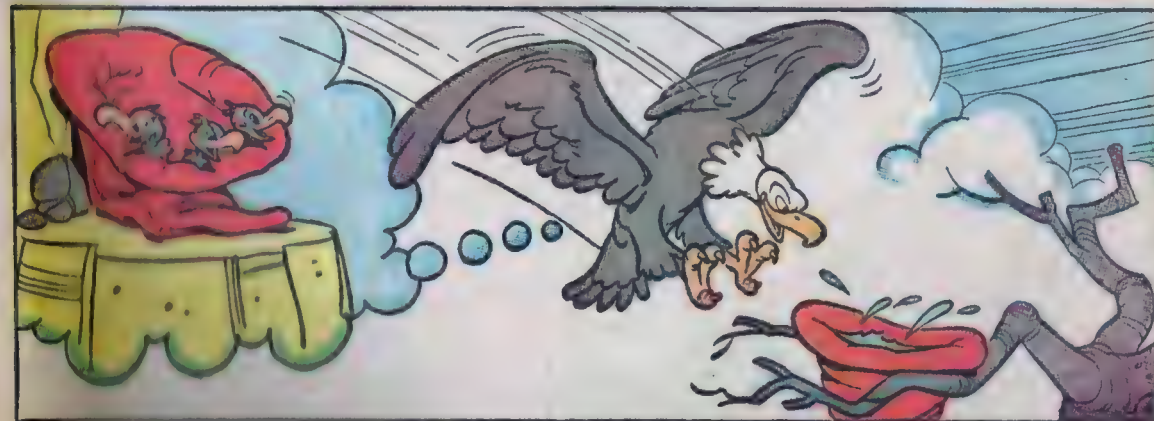
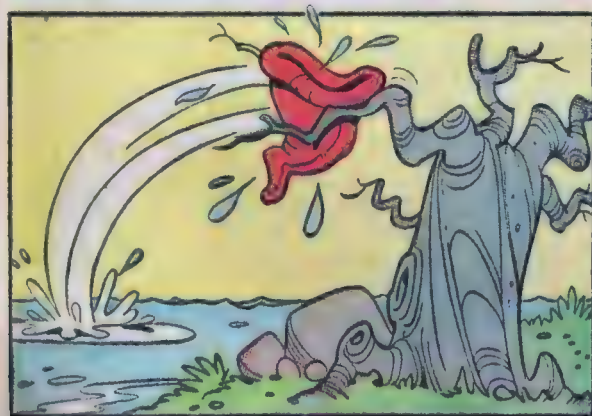
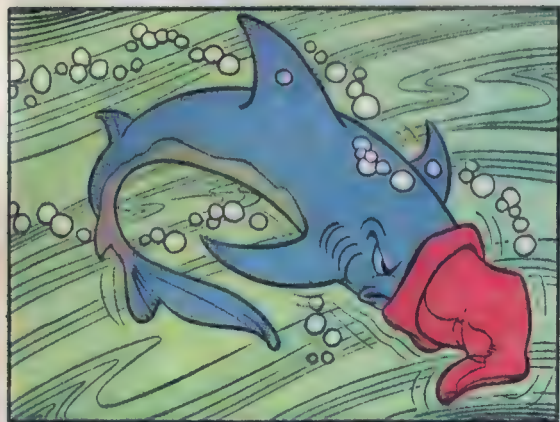
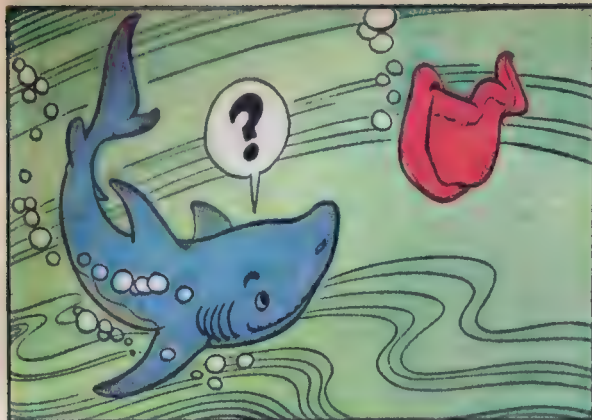


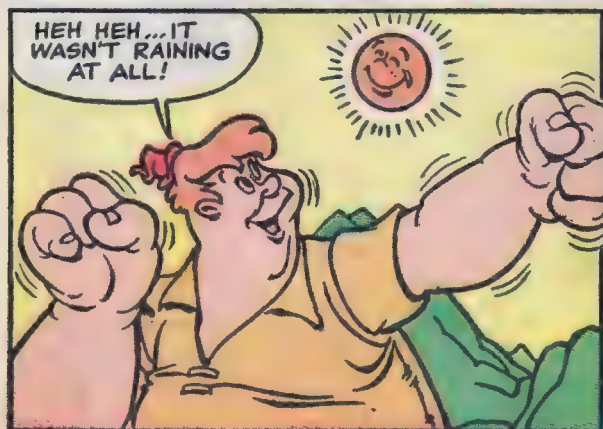
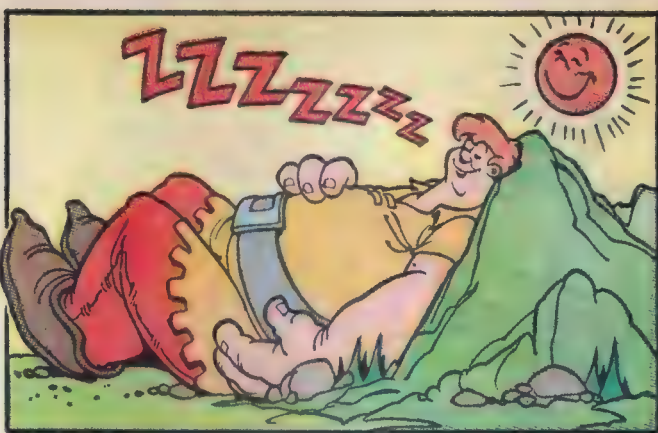
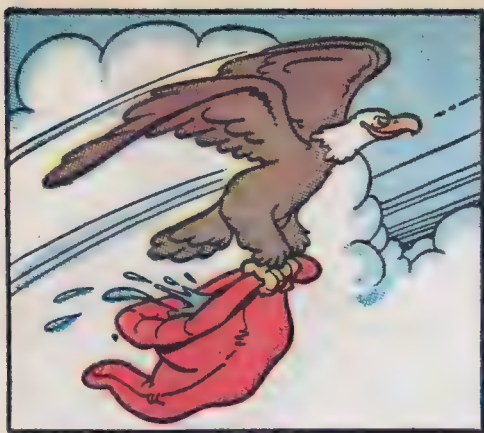
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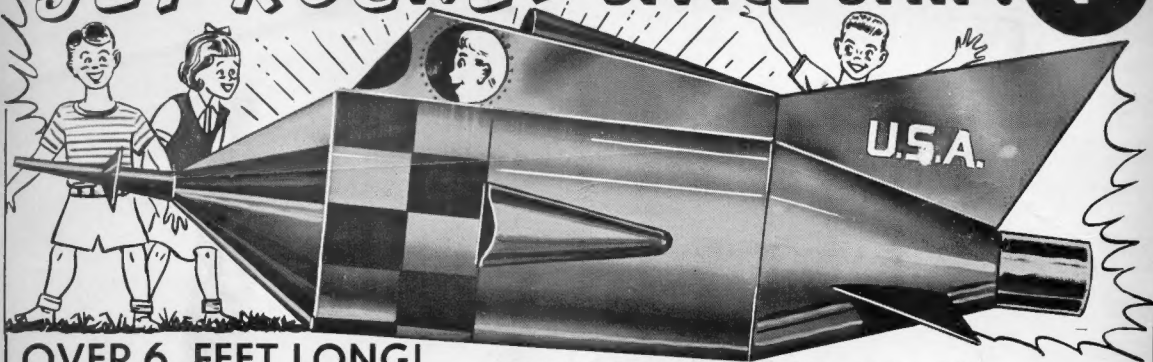
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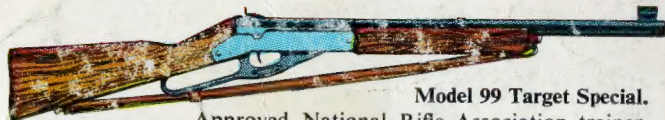
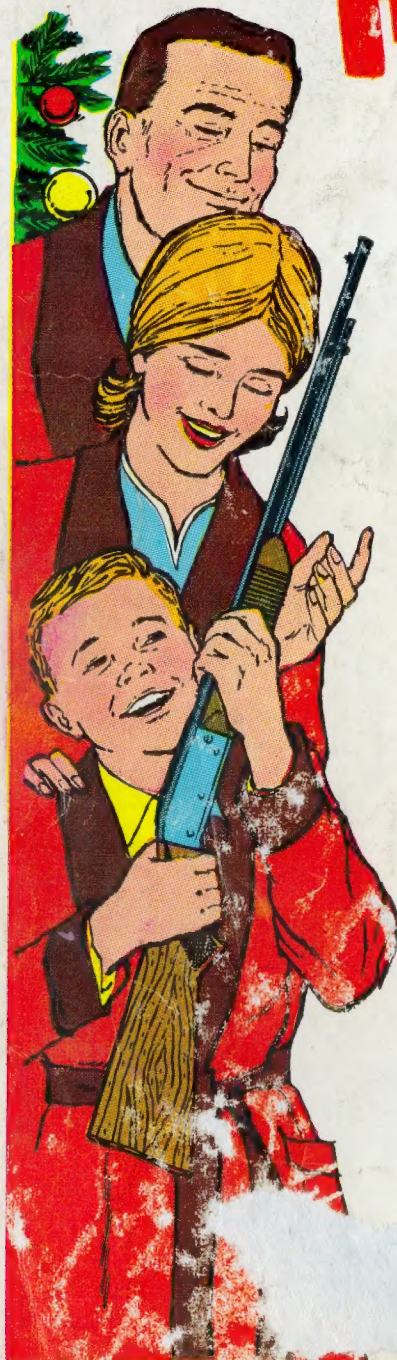


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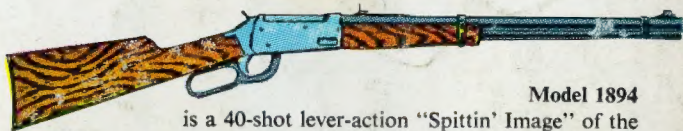
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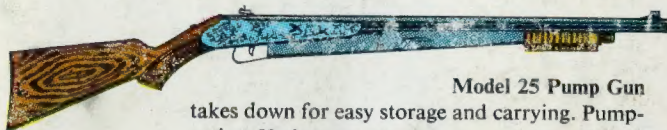
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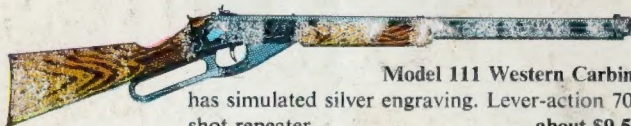
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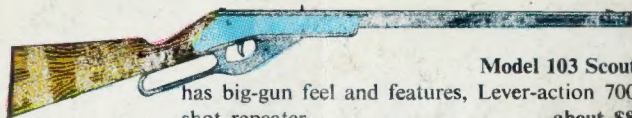
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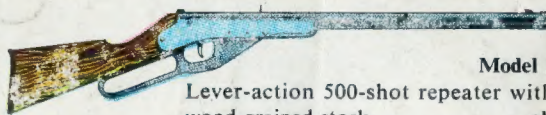
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